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THREESOME

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By
LILIAN CHISHOLM

HELEN knew who the visitor had been the moment she opened the door.

There was a subtle fragrance in the little hall, and one rug was pushed sideways, as if the visitor's feet, hurrying to get away, had kicked against it.

On the stairs was a crumpled handkerchief.

Helen went upstairs slowly, her head aching, all her joy at reaching home vanishing. He hadn't been lonely, hadn't even missed her, probably because she had been with him, all alone in the empty house.

Helen had had a hard day in the city. All day long, even when Miss Matthews had been at her worst, she had been torn between her work and Jim, wondering how he was getting on, wondering if Mrs. Stuvvins would remember to take extra milk from the milkman, whether he would insist on getting up, as he had yesterday, to phone the office to see if everything was all right.

And now she needn't have worried at all. He hadn't been on his own. All the time she had been worrying about him, dividing her mind between her work and him, he had been with her.

Maybe this was what happened when you tried to make a real partnership of marriage. They had been so sure it would work out, she and Jim. Lots of people had laughed at them, but their love had been strong enough to stand laughter.

No stupidly sentimental marriage for them, they had declared. All that nonsense about "woman's place is the home" was as old-fashioned as red flannel petticoats.

She had told Jim, before she married him, that she wanted to be a real partner, not a useless creature who potters about a little house and hasn't a thought above the next meal. Jim had agreed, very emphatically, and so she had gone back to work after the honeymoon, back to the studio that had always seemed so important to her.

Helen told herself that it was still important. After all, how could they have managed now, with Jim ill, if she hadn't had a job?

True, people did manage somehow. Look at her sister Sally, for instance. Sally was ridiculously old-fashioned, be'leved in love-in-a-cottage, and babies, cave-men, and steak-and-kidney pudding.

She had thrown up a perfectly good job to marry Charles. Not much of a cave-man about Charles, except that he did insist on his wife stopping at home and cooking him enormous dinners to come home to at night.

Last year Charles had gone down with flu, and they had had to engage a nurse to see him through the worst. Helen had gone round and begged Sally to let her help with the expense, but her sister had smiled at her oddly.

"Sorry, Helen," she said quietly, "but Charlie wouldn't like it. He's captain of this ship, and we'll manage somehow." They had managed, too.

"It's all so unnecessary," Helen had told Jim fiercely. "I can't understand Charles allowing Sally to do so much, when she could quite well go back to her job, and live comfortably. Look at us, for instance. Nobody could be happier than we are, could they?"

She had waited for Jim's swift agreement. Her heart had lurched a little when Jim didn't answer immediately. Then he had said simply, not looking at her:

"Couldn't they?"

She hadn't dared to ask him what he meant. There are some questions that must never be put into words. It had been the beginning of the doubt, however. She had never been quite sure ever since, and Jim had seemed different.

When they were first married they'd had such happy evenings together. Sometimes it was rather a rush, of course, managing to get home from the studio in time to see that the evening meal was properly prepared, the house warm and welcoming for Jim's return. Occasionally he'd got home first, and had had to wait dinner for her, or eat a solitary meal served by the unimaginative Mrs. Stuvvins.

He'd never grumbled—only grown more silent and moody as time went on.

Then she had come to live next door, and Jim had caught a chill. It was the kind of chill that doesn't seem very important, until one night it grows up into something very important indeed. The doctor hadn't liked the way Jim's temperature had soared.

"Not too good," he had said gruffly. "This young man's been overdoing things. He wants rest, and plenty of it. Fuss him up a bit."

She did everything she could. True, she had to leave home at eight-thirty every morning, because Miss Matthews wasn't having her studio upset for any sick husband. The world had to go on, she told Helen crisply, and blocks had to be printed, sketches commissioned and passed, unruly artists soothed and encouraged, and invoices checked and receipted.

But before she went in the morning Helen always had a long talk with Mrs. Stuvvins about Jim's meals. She put a tempting detective novel close to the bed, and daily papers, cigarettes, a few choice grapes. What more could anybody do?

Helen didn't dare answer that question, which kept cropping up in her mind all through her working hours. She kept remembering that time when Charles had been ill, and Sally had nearly worn herself to a shadow looking after him. Running up and down stairs with trays, smoothing his pillows, talking to him in that calm, soothing voice of hers.

Little things, perhaps, but they made all the difference to an invalid—to a husband. Helen found her thoughts continually straying away from her work all through those first anxious days when Jim's temperature was so alarmingly high.

And then she had come home to find the rug crooked, and that strange fragrance about the place.

Jim hadn't attempted to deny it.

"I thought it very kind of her," he had said, looking a bit sheepish. "She knew I was ill, and called to inquire. I—I was having tea, so I had to ask her to stay, hadn't I?"

He had known she was hurt and angry, but he hadn't seemed to mind much. It just showed how easily you lost love. She wasn't enough for Jim any more.

Helen pushed back a straying lock of hair and went slowly upstairs.

She found herself envying all those women who were titivating themselves to greet returning husbands, instead of crawling wearily upstairs, feeling tired and irritable, and hungry.

Jim was sitting up in bed, reading. He smiled at her as she came in. She leaned against the foot of the bed and looked at him.

There was a strange look of content on his face—the look of someone who has just had a very pleasant and happy experience. Who has just spent the afternoon with a charming visitor, for instance.

"She's been here again, hasn't she?" Helen asked simply.

"Yes," he said, just as simply. No evasion, no lies. That made it worse, somehow.

"You—you're very fond of her, aren't you, Jim?" she went on slowly, her eyes never leaving his face.

"I love her," he answered, a slow flush mounting his face. "She's—she's so sweet, so altogether lovable. I'm sorry, Helen, but that's how it is. I know you can't be expected to understand."

"Before we were married," she told him slowly, "you said you would never need anybody but me. You said I was everything you needed in life."

He lowered his eyes, and his fingers fidgeted with the papers.

"I thought so—then," he murmured "I suppose—I suppose a man changes as he gets older, Helen. It's since I've been lying here, having time to think, somehow there's seemed something lacking, something we've missed.

"This isn't marriage at all, it was never meant to be like this. Just meeting in the evening, fellow lodgers in a nice house, everything running on oiled wheels, no ties, no worries.

"You'll think I'm a fool, and maybe I am, but a man wants responsibilities, Helen; he wants to feel he's got to fight the whole world for those he—he——"

He was hopelessly embarrassed, and she felt, suddenly, unreasonable pity for him.

"And has she shown you all this?" she asked slowly.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"She helped me to understand it, I suppose," he said quietly. "Helen, I'm hurting you, I know. I—I'll ask her not to come again. The doctor said I could go back to work next week, and we'll start again, shall we?"

"Did she have tea with you?" Helen asked, irrelevantly, trying to picture them, here together, in this dainty little room. She, perhaps, sitting on this very bed. Yes, the eiderdown was crumpled there by her light weight; she had been laughing with him, helping him get through the lonely hours, while his wife was away.

"Yes," he said, and suddenly there was laughter in his eyes. "Oh, Helen, she ate all your favorite biscuits!"

Then suddenly she was round the bed, kneeling beside him, hiding her head against his shoulder, tears tumbling down her cheeks on to his pyjama jacket.

"Darling, you're not really jealous?" he whispered shakily. "You know it doesn't really mean anything! It's always you—always. I meant it when I said I'd never need anybody else but you, honest, I did! I'll tell her to-morrow—I'll make her understand she must never come again—never, only don't cry, my sweet!"

She looked up at him, a great peace suddenly enfolding her. Everything had suddenly become crystal clear.

"Jim," she whispered, "what would you say if I told you I was going to give up my job? I want to be old-fashioned like Sally, and stay at home and look after you, and make lovely steak-and-kidney puddings, and—Jimmy, one day, perhaps we could——"

He did not speak, only held her fiercely, as she had not been held for a long, long time. After a moment she drew herself away from him, and leaned out of the window. In the next-door garden she was picking flowers.

"Bunny," she cried happily, "would you like to come to tea with us tomorrow? There'll be plenty of those biscuits you like, and I'll be here tomorrow, so we'll have a threesome, shall we?"

The little girl smiled shyly, and a woman, hurrying out of the next-door house, looked up.

"I'm sure it's very nice of your husband to bother with her, Mrs. Faversham," she said, quietly. "I do hope she behaves herself?"

"Of course," said Helen gently. "It's very sweet of her to come.

"She'll be somebody for our children to play with," she said, with a rosy flush, turning back to the bed. "But I must fix that mat in the hall, or one of these days she'll be tripping over it!"

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"She's been here again, hasn't she?" Helen asked simply.

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Loyal in My Fashion

By ANNE LORRAINE

THERE was nothing else for it, she would have to write to Peter.

She sat at her small table, an erect, fine figure in her dark frock, her silvery hair piled high. Martha's teas were important. Newcomers soon realised that, and fought for an invitation. Until you could say you had been to Martha's for tea you could not say you were part and parcel of Little Stonehest, because you were not. You were not accepted, unless Martha accepted you.

Usually, at her tea-parties, Martha reigned happily, supremely conscious of her popularity and her power. To-day she wore her dignity as a mask to hide her deep displeasure, her seething anger. Peter's wife was being talked about.

Her letter to Peter would hurt the dear boy. She closed her eyes momentarily, realising that this would be the first time in her life she had ever deliberately hurt her son. But this time it was the only way. It would be far more painful to Peter to hear the gossip second-hand than to hear it from his own mother. Of course, she would be very tactful, as mothers learn to be. She would suggest that he should write to Carol and ask her to be more loyal to him, to avoid anything which might spoil their good name.

If only he had not married the girl! They had had the first disagreement of their lives when he told her he was to marry Carol, a stranger, a young, gilded beauty from the town. There were so many girls of his own way of living. Why had he to bring a stranger to the old house?

But he had married Carol, and they had set up house in town. She had seen them occasionally for an hour or so, when they dashed down in Peter's little roadster, and they had seemed happy in their own flippant fashion. She had honestly tried to like the girl, to take her into the family circle, to introduce her to the kind of life Peter ought to live—but it had been useless. The girl was hard, modern to the finger-tips, caring more for the set of her hair than for Peter's future. "Peter's been dull so long," she had said, laughing as she spoke. "Let him have some fun now, motherkin——"

WHEN the war came very soon after their marriage, Peter had brought a rebellious Carol to Little Stonehest, and asked his mother to allow her to live in her old house.

"Then I shall be able to go off with a clear mind, dearest," he had said slowly. "I'll know that she'll be safe with you, Mother. But you must love her. Carol needs lots of love, always remember that."

Carol had made that very, very obvious, she thought now. But it wasn't her mother-in-law's love she wanted.

Peter had been sent to the ends of the earth. Martha watched the girl for some sign of loneliness and pining. But if Carol missed Peter, she did not show it. She was bored. She did not hide that. She told her mother-in-law a thousand times a day that she was dead with boredom, and asked permission to go back to town, to "do something."

"Surely," Martha had suggested mildly, "since it is Peter's wish that you should stay here, you could put up with the awful boredom a little better? You could join the institute. We do very useful work, although you may think us a lot of old fogies."

But Carol hadn't joined. She had lounged about the house in those ridiculous colored slacks, wearing an old sweater about her young, slender body. She had gone for long, long walks over the fields with Pongo, Peter's old Scottie. She wrote occasionally to Peter, but Martha knew they were only short notes, dashed off in a few minutes. Once she had offered to help in the house, but Martha was proud of her fine linen and her beautiful silver, and she knew that Jane, her faithful old servant, would be far from pleased at the idea of Carol helping.

And then, in the spring, the soldiers had arrived.

At first the villagers had been wary, but gradually they had thawed and had opened their homes to the men. Somebody suggested a dance at the barn, and Carol had brightened immediately. She had gone off, beautiful in soft, cloudy chiffon, and had come home in the dawn with a new spring to her step. "It was glorious," she told Martha in the morning, when she came down. "It's going to be wonderful having them here."

And then things began to happen. Carol went out evening after evening, to dances or films, or to the canteen she had opened in old Bill's disused barn. She had worked hard and long. Martha, watching her, tried to feel glad. She had told herself that nowadays there was nothing wrong in a young bride going to dances, concerts and noisy parties in the barn with different men—and she would have been content if she had not heard the talk.

She filled up teacups, passed sandwiches, her mind absorbed in her problem even while her hands automatically fulfilled their task. Old Maggie Meston smiled at her artfully.

"The young wife not at home this afternoon, Martha?"

Martha looked at Maggie levelly.

"My daughter-in-law is very busy these days, Maggie," she said quietly, conscious of the sudden silence in the room. Maggie smiled again, her old face shrewd.

"Oh, undoubtedly," she said archly. "We have noticed how busy she is! We quite understand, my dear Martha——"

Martha put down her cup abruptly. She faced them like a tigress threatened.

"You understand what, Maggie?" she asked quietly. "Isn't it about time you all stopped hinting and spoke plainly? You are my guests, but the young woman you are discussing is of my family. I expect you to give her the courtesy you give me."

The silence was awkwardly prolonged. Somebody coughed deprecatingly.

"But, Martha," ventured the doctor's wife, after a painful interval, "it seems so hard on Peter. I mean, Donald was his best friend."

"Ah!" Martha breathed the word almost like a sigh. "Yes, I thought so. It's Donald. If that is all that is worrying you, let me set your mind at rest. Donald is a frequent visitor at this house, and I know of his friendship with my daughter-in-law. As you say, he is Peter's friend, so why should he not be Carol's friend also? Aren't you making a mountain out of something less than a molehill? More tea, Mrs. Smithson?"

The matter had been opened and closed by Martha. But for once she knew her word would not be law. Carol was making a fool of herself over young Donald Macintosh, who had arrived only a month ago. Donald, who had played with Peter here in this house, who had gone to the same school, and who had been best man at Peter's wedding to Carol. Donald, and his pretty young wife, had lived close to Carol and Peter when they were in London, and presumably it was then that Carol and Donald had become friends. Now the village was talking because Carol was always with the handsome young officer. Donald was known to be a flirt, but—Martha's lips tightened—he wasn't going to sully Peter's name.

When the guests had gone, Martha sat on in the lovely room, staring wistfully out of the window. It was so long since she had seen Peter, so very long since they had known that perfect understanding which had existed between them before Carol came along. If only he had married Madeline, or one of the girls she knew and loved. They would have been proud and careful of his name, and loyal to him.

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Martha turned from the window, angry and indignant.

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Loyal in My Fashion

Continued from page 3

THEY would have taken up serious work at the institute and led a quiet, respectable life in the village. But Carol. . . .

She started as Carol and Donald Macintosh came into view, strolling down the lane to the house, Carol in the inevitable slacks and open-neck shirt. It was incredible how she could look so beautiful in such informal clothes. She had her hands in her pockets, and she was laughing up into Donald's handsome face. They made a splendid couple, Martha thought angrily, this girl and this man, both of whom Peter loved and trusted.

Donald said something to Carol which sobered her. She turned to face him, her small feet planted squarely in the muddy ground, her eyes fixed on his. She was saying something very earnestly, and, as Martha watched, Donald put his hands on her arms and bent to kiss the soft cheek of Peter's wife. Martha let the curtain fall as if the soft material had stung her fingers. There were tears in her eyes and anger in her heart. That settled it—she would write to-night. She would open Peter's eyes and beg him to appeal to the girl's finer senses before it was too late

"Had a nice afternoon, dear?" she forced herself to ask, a few moments later, as the girl came into the room, her cheeks flushed, her eyes bright. "Wasn't that Donald you were with?"

For a moment Carol's eyes flickered over her mother-in-law and noted the empty cups and scattered plates.

"It was," she said quietly. "Had a party, motherkin?"

"Carol——" Martha's lips faltered a little. "Carol, what would Peter think of you—and Donald——"

She was stopped by the sudden blue-grey ice of the girl's queerly colored eyes. Then she smiled.

"I see," she said slowly, "you have had a tea-party, my dear. The usual village party, complete with gossip, h'm? I should have thought Peter's mother would be above such petty entertainment."

Martha stiffened.

"Have you any right to question my behaviour?" she asked slowly. "Maybe it would be better if you were to question your own. I feel responsible for you whilst you are under my roof——"

"Perhaps you would rather I left it!" the girl said sharply, startling Martha into silence. Why could they not speak without hurting each other?

"Peter wished you to stay here, Carol," she said slowly. "Therefore I wish it, too."

The girl looked at her curiously.

"You're honest, anyway," she said slowly. "You do not pretend you want me here for my own sake, any more than I pretend I want to stay. Well—maybe it's better that way. But you must allow me to judge what I should do. I'm going out—"

"Carol——" Martha put out a hand in a little gesture of appeal. "Carol—why don't you ask Donald to come here, instead of going about with him? You see——"

Carol turned and smiled at her, and for an instant Martha had a glimpse of the little girl Carol must once have been.

"Darling," she said gently, "I'm not going out with Donald specially, but with the British Army. We're having a sing-song at the barn. Donald will be there, of course—that is all. Please stop worrying."

"Carol——" There was a little film of perspiration above Martha's lip. "Carol, would you stay in to-night, if I asked you? If I particularly asked you, Carol—would you not go?"

For a moment the two women faced each other, their eyes level, their bodies tense.

"No, Mother," she said quietly. "No, I wouldn't. I'm going out to-night. Please don't wait up for me."

Martha did not wait up. But she lay stiff and cold in her bed, listening, yearning for the sound of that young voice which had caught Peter's heart. When it came, at last, in the early hours of the morning, and she heard Donald's voice, too, she rose and lighted her bedside-lamp and pulled paper and envelopes out of her desk.

"Dear Peter," she began slowly, her hand cramped and cold. "I feel I must tell you——"

It was almost dawn when she put down her pen and leaned her head in her hands. Oh, Peter, Peter, she prayed desperately, please understand I had to do this, will you? Don't let your anger make you hate me—for I love you too much to let this go on. She's so young, maybe it is too much to expect these young people to be as loyal as we would wish them . . .

JUST before noon the visitor arrived. Carol had not returned, and Martha was alone in the sitting-room, wrapping bandages for the institute. Jane was filled with excitement, her eyes almost popping with surprise.

"It's a lady, ma'am," she said slowly. "Says she's Mrs. Macintosh! Asks to see you, ma'am . . ."

Martha stood up, a cold finger touching her heart. Donald's wife! There could be but one reason for her visit, she thought dully. Gossip had done its usual hateful work, spreading damage.

She looked up swiftly as Jane showed in Donald's wife. Involuntarily her hand went out and leaned for support against the table. The girl was exquisite—small and dark, with a pair of serene and lovely eyes which studied Martha curiously. Then, with a smile, she held out a hand.

"So you are Peter's mother," she said softly. "I've always wanted to meet you. Carol has often talked of you and told me how wonderful you are."

Martha murmured something; she never knew just what. But the girl sat down, still smiling, her eyes anxious.

"Carol is out, I hear," she said, as Martha sat down opposite her. "You know, in a way, I'm glad, because I wanted to talk to you about Carol. I've just come from Donald, and he has told me everything."

Martha paled. Everything? Then—

"Not that I didn't know already," the girl went on gently. "Donald isn't much of a letter writer, naughty boy, but as he mentioned Carol in every line I pretty soon tumbled to it——"

Martha stared at the girl blankly, hopelessly bewildered. She knew modern wives were strange, but surely—dear Heaven—surely, no modern wife would be glad to know her husband was madly in love with another girl?

"You mean—you don't mind?" she stammered helplessly, and the girl laughed.

"I'm delighted," she confessed happily; then suddenly her face sobered. "Mrs. Grange, you know Donald. I shall be guilty of no disloyalty to him if I tell you what you already know. Donald has always been gay and weak, poor darling—he doesn't mean any harm by it, but he gets depressed when he's lonely or fed-up, and then he just has to go out and drink too much—it used to hurt me at first. After our first quarrel Donald went out and had to be brought home by Peter. I know Donald; he is adorable, and I worship him. But he is like a little boy when he is away from me. He's weak, Mrs. Grange. That was why I was so glad when I knew he was being stationed here."

Martha sat very still.

"I wrote to Carol," went on the little woman soberly, "telling her that Donald was coming. I've never known anybody quite so loyal as Carol, have you? She didn't have to be asked anything; she just took Donald under her wing. But you know all this, of course. Let me read a bit of one of Donald's letters to me."

She opened a letter and began to read:

"This is the most depressing place, darling, and I'd be completely and utterly bored if it wasn't for Carol. Honestly, that girl is one in a million, darling. She has kept me on the straight and narrow—when I heard about the kiddie coming, I was right down in the dumps, wishing I could be with you. I was just in the right mood to go out and make a fool of myself, but Carol was there—a miracle how she is always there just when I'm in that kind of mood—and she hooked me off to a dance and everything was O.K. She works like a black, and whenever I feel a dose of home-sickness coming over me I make a bee-line for her, and I talk the poor girl into a stupor of boredom, singing your praises, telling her how much I love you, what we shall call our son, what you said in your letter, and so on. Janey, when I said good-night to her the other night, just after I received your letter about the baby, I kissed her cheek—to show my gratitude to her keeping me from making a fool of myself since I've been away from you. Now that the boy is coming I shall have something more to keep myself straight for, shan't I? I love you, darling. It's hard that Peter never gets any leave, but Carol never whines. Just goes on laughing, and putting new life into the camp, and working here—a girl in a million. The typical fine English wife of to-day, don't you think so, darling?"

Janey folded up the letter slowly, as if every fold was precious.

"You must love her very much, too," she said thoughtfully. "I always remember what Carol said to me when she told me she was going to marry Peter. 'I shall have a mother, too, at last, Janey.' I'm not boring you, Mrs. Grange?"

Martha shook her head. There were no words to say.

She ordered tea, and regained her familiar poise.

Later, Martha went to the window to watch for Carol. She was very pale, but there was a great, yet humble, peace in her heart. In her pocket was a letter ready for the post.

"Dear Peter," it began, "I just want to tell you what a wonderful wife you have in Carol. I was wrong, my darling—she is the finest woman you could have chosen, and I love her very much——"

Carol came into view wearing incredibly shabby slacks and an old pullover, her hair streaming in the wind. She was walking with her head high, an almost arrogant swing to her long stride. Martha's eyes dimmed.

HOW wonderfully brave these pitiful young things were, and so loyal in their own fashion. And their fashion was a good fashion, strong, beautiful, and fearless. She turned and went out to the gate to meet the girl.

"Carol, my dear," she called happily, "you must be starving. Had a good morning?"

For a moment the girl's steps faltered. Their eyes met for a long moment. Then slowly, almost wonderingly, the girl smiled and tears came into her eyes.

"Any—news?" she asked slowly, for the first time since she had come to the house. It was like a warm cord, pulling together, uniting them. Martha slipped an arm about the young, thin shoulders, and turned toward the house.

"Not yet, dear," she said softly, "but it will come in time. I don't suppose he has much chance to write."

The girl laughed. But now, at last, Martha knew what lay beneath that laughter.

"I never write much myself," she said defiantly. "After all, what is there to say? Just that I'm having fun——"

Martha's hand tightened momentarily on that pitifully thin shoulder. Beneath her old hands it felt like a child's shoulder, but a gallant child, such as England breeds these days.

"Of course," she said complacently, "that's all there is to say, isn't it? And that's all Peter would want to know anyway. Shall we go in now and eat? I believe Jane has made a rabbit pie."

"Good," said Carol. "Mother, I'm afraid I'll have to go out again to-night. There's a dance at the Barn, and——"

Martha smiled, her fingers touching the letter which she would send to Peter by the afternoon post.

"Oh, yes, darling?" she said serenely. "That will be nice."

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Seven Must Return

"Stopped a beauty, sir," Bollinger assured Hammersley as he helped Dyce get him to the bunk.

By ARCH WHITEHOUSE

GREASY NEALE, a Stirling bomber, had left No. 208's station at Sywell shortly after dark. Her objective was the Siemens works in Berlin.

This joy ride produces about six hours of mental anguish or abstract deliberation for the seven men cooped up inside the metal walls of that hideous but very effective piece of equipment.

For half the journey seven men huddle above eight tons of bombs. That works out to one ton apiece and an extra ton for a chap they call George King, who lives in Buckingham Palace.

Aboard Greasy Neale there are eighty-four feet of swaying catwalk between Sergeant Tim Bollinger in the nose turret and the four-gun Browning station in the tail, and just what community of spirit Bollinger can have with Air Gunner Montague Bates is not very clear. As a matter of fact, Tim is quite certain that one of these nights Monty will drop off and let a Heinkel punch its initials in them before Mike Jobbins in the dorsal turret can take defensive action.

Jobbins is no bargain. There's a bit of Sir Francis Drake in Jobbins. He's wonky about lawn bowls and spends most of his time, when he should be At Alert, working out new theories of being "on the jack" from backhand play.

Flight-Lieutenant Hammersley is rated as captain of aircraft and there are times when he lets the rest of them know it, especially the No. Two pilot, Jimmie Kegworth.

"My job," Flying-Officer Dyce once explained to a W.A.A.F. section leader, "is comparable to that of a destroyer flotilla leader. I have my flight-control bridge, I assume full control of the engineering problems, and during an engagement I'm chief gunnery officer. Takes a bit of doing, you know."

The air gunners hope he walks into a prop some dark night.

Dickie Steadman, navigation bomb-aimer, considers himself indispensable also.

With this litigious lot aboard Greasy Neale it is difficult to understand how they complete a mission of any sort. Still, they have logged some tidy shows and somehow—they usually get back.

. . . . . .

Steadman, after making routine recordings, got up from his table, took up his new sextant, pottered past Dyce, who was at his panel, and assured himself that Venus was in her appointed position, six degrees south, after taking a sight on Pollux.

He hurried forward again, grabbed his mike, and reported position to Hammersley above in the control compartment. The pilot answered and Dickie watched the leading edge of the wing warp out slightly and again his eye caught the sheen of the inboard engine prop.

He squinted at it, gagged on an acidy tang of fear, and tried to forget it in the tabulation of a second set of figures. All this reminded him that when he got back he must obtain that appointment with the Air Commodore so that he could present his theory of rapid position-finding as computed with his new sextant.

He hoped he'd get a chance tonight to work against the present Air Ministry syllabus. If Hammersley took her through on a reasonable course he might get a chance to use both systems and have them to present to the Air Commodore.

"I've got to get a check to-night . . . and get back. They might appoint me as an instructor and I won't have to sit opposite this blasted bayonet machine any longer."

Hammersley considered a set of figures also as he sat behind the big wheel and watched the altimeter needle climb to the big figure six. His computations were in his logbook. They had been multiplying by the week. Another six hours would put him in a favorable spot for his Squadron-Leader's rank.

That brought up prospects of a command. Two hundred operational hours ought to put him over with the Group Captain, who had been dropping hints concerning a new squadron in the group.

"Just you wait, Rayl," he had assured the girl in the snack bar two nights before. "One more Berlin show and they'll have to give me my S/L."

The girl considered that while she speared a tiny sausage. Her name was Rayiton Blandford and she wore the uniform of the Auxiliary Territorial Service, with the ribbon of a decoration awarded for the night she had taken a lorry through Coventry.

"All that matters," she added in a quiet voice, "is that you get back. I can wait for—the other. We can both wait."

"We've waited so long, Rayl," he pleaded again. "But if I can get that extra bit of braid, I'm sure we could manage it, and feel on the safe side."

"Is there a safe side?" she asked. "You'll still have to go night after night. This waiting is nothing compared to the hours we wait for you, trip after trip."

"I suppose it's ghastly," he consoled her. "Kegworth and I talk about it sometimes. Queer bloke, Kegworth."

"Queer? There must be something to a lad who gets the affection from a dog, as he does. I sit in the dark out there, and wait for you, and Meg huddles near me and waits for Jimmie. Somehow, she knows before I do."

"Let's talk about us," Hammersley parried. "Let's chance it all. Let's slip up to town and get a special licence, the minute my promotion comes through."

"You've got enough to worry about, being responsible for the others, without worrying about a bride," she said with a doubtful smile. "Soldiers shouldn't marry during wartime, Edgar."

He hunched forward, covered her small sturdy hand with his, and closed his warm fingers. "You're right, Rayl, but let's chance it. Let's go up to town for the week-end and get married! The rank will come through."

"I suppose you should have an objective at both ends of your run," she agreed, hiding her eyes with her free hand. "I'll chance it. I'll see my section leader in the morning."

"You're a brick, Rayl. Don't worry, I'll get back," he whispered.

Her capitulation was reflected in detail on the windscreen of the big Stirling while Flight - Lieutenant Hammersley guided the machine into the flak that came up from the ack-ack barrages outside Ijmuiden. No curtain of Krupp steel would prevent his getting back to-night.

"I'll have a looksee about before the band strikes up, eh?" Jimmie Kegworth said, slipping out of his seat.

Hammersley turned and stared at his co-pilot as though he wondered how he came to be part of his snug party at the Fountain Hotel.

Jimmie had to hang on going through the bulkhead, for Hammersley was throwing the bus all over the shop now. The flak was stamping great batik designs against the sable canopy about them.

"Jelly-belly, eh?" Kegworth called to Steadman.

"Don't know whether we're over Haarlem or Hongkong. Might just as well sling a dart at the chart when he jinks her about like this."

Steadman threw his arms out in a semi-circle and scooped his instruments together. A double issue of searchlight forked up from Amsterdam, semaphored back and forth twice, steadied and held the emerald Zuyder Zee between the bars of a Victory-V.

Jimmie stopped and studied Dyce's face. The engineer bloke was jotting manifold pressure data in an engine log.

"How're we churning?"

"Any luck at all, and we'll get back all right."

Kegworth's face seemed to lengthen. "Good egg! I've got to get back. Meg's pups!"

Sergeant Bollinger, at ease before his radio panel, edged over and grabbed Kegworth's arm as he moved farther aft to climb through the main spar frame.

"'Ad Meg 'ad 'er pups when you left, sir?" he inquired.

"No. Probably in the morning," Jimmie explained. He glanced at the panel and wondered if he dared contact Sywell and make sure his setter, Meg O'Dawn, was being properly tended by Crockett, his batman. "She'll be all right—I hope."

He moved on through the spar frame and steadied himself against the rest bunk. He squatted on the edge and patted the pillow gently as though he were soothing Meg.

"Hang on, Meg," he muttered in the half-light of the wing compartment. "I'll be back, old girl. You just wait for me."

He closed his eyes and saw her again, a beautiful animal, warm and friendly. She was all he had now, and he was glad he'd broken the station rule and brought her with him. There was nothing left back at Arle. Jerry had taken care of that when he was bashing Norwich about. That was after No. 208 had bombed Rostock for the second time. Queer Jerry should have scored such an unexpected revenge. The cottage had crumbled under the blow, and there were two new mounds in a churchyard, just down the road.

A spanking crash outside sent Jimmie leaping off the bunk. Greasy Neale was skating all over the sky, and Kegworth tripped and went headlong down the companionway.

He crawled along on his hands and knees until he reached the ladder that went up into Jobbins' gun turret. He bellowed something and shoved his hand under the seat and grabbed the gunner's ankle.

"What is it, Jobbins? What's going on out there?"

The turret swung on greased guides and the gunner leaned over and bellowed through his knees: "I'm all right, sir! I shoved him off all right. Think we made him stink a bit. . . . Yes, he's wrapping it up."

"Good! Very good, Jobbins!"

A flamer had gone down, and Jimmie Kegworth staggered back along the catwalk wondering whether Crockett would manage all right.

Greasy Neale steadied again, and Hammersley listened intently to advice from Steadman: "We're still on course, Skipper. Osnabruck ahead. Getting considerable drift now. You might bend the vector ten degrees right. One-eight-four."

"Righto! One-eight-four. Gunners report!" Hammersley called, wondering whether Rayl would like a quiet little spot down Kingston-on-Thames way, or whether she'd risk it properly and stay at the Regal Palace in town.

Sergeant Bollinger listened while Jobbins and Montague Bates reported their concerted attack on the Messerschmitt 110. It had been in the cards that Sergeant Bollinger would become a wireless air-gunner, since all his life he had enjoyed the questionable role of a Jack-of-all-trades. His long, expressive hands were deft and accomplished. He went in for magic and sleight-of-hand, the rudiments of which he had gleaned from a sixpenny brochure.

Sergeant Bollinger was to appear the following night on the programme of the weekly concert party staged in the recreation hut, under the glittering billing, The Brilliant Bollinger. For weeks now he had been practising his tricks.

He scrawled his patter and mouthed it night after night when things were a bit slow on the panel. He had made all arrangements to borrow a dress suit through the station padre, who knew the vicar in the village. His little table and the spangled length of drapery were all ready, and he had diligently polished up a bit of swagger stick for his wand.

"A chap 'as to look into the future," he had told himself so many times. "When this mess is over, we'll all be chucked out with a bit of blood money, a thirty-shillin' serge suit, and left to wonder wot there is left to do in civvie life. There won't be any jobs, because all the gals will 'ave them. I'm lookin' arfter meself, I am."

There was no question about it. The Brilliant Bollinger had to get back to-night.

Once the hate simmered down, Dyce computed his tankage, booked the figures with a professional flourish and then turned gingerly toward his swinging seat and sat down.

Dyce was a tall, shapeless man who might have been assembled from a lot of spare parts. Aboard Greasy Neale he was a drab workman. On the station, and about the mess, he was a swashbuckling figure of raffish splendor and swaggering efficiency. Dyce presented a splendid example of that brand of courage which steels a man from displaying his inherent timidity, for fear his fellow men will brand him a coward.

He sat floundering in the rip-tide of realisation that only a few feet away, in the wings, hung three massive bombs, any one of which might suffer premature detonation by a chunk of flak and blow them all to smithereens.

To Dyce, a safe return meant two things. First, it meant that they had got rid of those bombs. Dyce hated bombs.

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THE ENEMY SEA

By . . .

ABRAHAM POLONSKY

HE was supposed to meet Susan in the lobby of the Alamo, but he found her in the bar with another man.

She turned from the reflection in the mirror and smiled, one of her clever I-knew-you-would-come smiles that broke like an epigram out of her handsome mouth. The smile was as complete and intentional as her appearance, the red hair deliberately loose and wild framing the even brows, pale cheeks, and smart make-up. She was clever and good-looking, and she knew it.

So first she smiled to let him know she hadn't doubted for a moment that he would come rushing when she beckoned (as he had); and then she said, "Hello, Bruce. How did you know I was in here?"

And, as always, that incredibly dry voice of hers, smooth, tart, individual as her character, left him standing like a schoolboy before his first girl.

She motioned with her glass. "This is Captain Rebow, of the tanker Arrow."

Nimbly the captain jumped from his seat and extended a long arm and an eager hand. "Mr. M'Cloud," he said. His voice was harsh and affectionate. "Mr. M'Cloud, I'm happy to meet you. Happy, indeed." The captain was short, thick-bodied, vital as a muscle, and Bruce felt his own hand enveloped in a grip that could have crushed his fingers.

"Sit down," Susan said, "and have a drink." To the bartender she prescribed, "One more, with soda." And to Bruce she added, "When did you get in?"

Bruce looked at her in the mirror.

"Well?" she asked. "When did you get in, or aren't you here yet?"

He said finally, "I arrived as per orders, but you weren't in the lobby."

As if he had been simple-minded she explained, "But the bar is right off the lobby."

"So is the street. I happened to look in the street first." But Bruce wasn't as noncommittal as his words. In fact, what he felt was a bursting, unexpected happiness, for he was with Sue again, and the long trip they were about to take from Galveston to New York might well serve as the starting point for what he had never been able to get going. He promised himself that this time he would know whether there was anything for him now that Larry Denhim was gone.

Captain Rebow was apparently entranced by Sue Tennant. He seemed amazed by his good fortune, by the subtlety of fate which had provided this surprise for a tanker captain on the Gulf and Atlantic oil route.

But as he sat there hiding a glass within the mound of his clasped hands, he was no different from all the other men that Bruce had known . . . when it came to Sue. And Bruce supposed he was no different from all the other men whom she had known, except for Denhim.

Smiling closely into her face, the captain said, "I am so honored, so overwhelmed. You're such an interesting and important woman, Miss Tennant, and you too, Mr. M'Cloud—I have seen your name also on a book or two. My ship will be overwhelmed."

"Don't believe him, Bruce," Sue said. She was enjoying the adventure in prospect. "He kicked like anything when I showed him the credentials, and he called New York and he fussed until Washington made him give in."

Rebow inclined his head for a quick bow. "I was thinking of you, Miss Tennant. You are so handsome, and it would be a shame to see you swimming in a sea of oil if we happened to meet a submarine."

Bruce had thought of that, too, but it was useless to make a point of it, for Sue had photographed the French Army as it had disintegrated into the swamp of unoccupied France. She had brought home the defeat along with the victory of England during the bombardment. She had photographed the death of Europe, and so this assignment to photograph a tanker trip might very well be considered as time off for a vacation . . . unless they met a submarine.

"Of course," Bruce said, "there is the small matter of submarines."

"Of course," she suggested, "there's the small matter of you being a war correspondent, deferred from the draft."

"I'd rather be a private in a trench than a war correspondent in a sea of burning oil."

"You wouldn't have me in the trenches," she smiled. "I suggested your name to the office because you can write as well as I can photograph, not because you're a hero."

Ignoring her, Bruce looked across her hands to the captain.

"What do we do if we meet a submarine?" he asked.

Rebow shrugged his shoulders. "There is a deck gun, and if we have time we fire a few rounds. Then we go for a swim."

"And the pictures," Sue added.

"I'm sure," the captain went on, "that the pictures will be beautiful. I have seen your pictures."

Bruce finished off his drink and began on the next one. He had decided to use the next eleven or twelve days as a general does the season before winter. It was to be a campaign which would at last break down the defences behind which Sue lived.

He had seen them go once before in the swift, explosive revolution which Larry Denhim had launched. For a while it had looked as if Sue were lost to him, but the romance had ended in an immense scene, observed by three reporters, an office boy, two stenographers, and a charwoman. Denhim was reserved and pale, and Sue had raged. Then she had flung a ring to the floor, and run off.

Larry Denhim had kept his temper in front of the shocked office staff. "I deserve it," he had said flatly, "for fooling round here while a war is going on." And then to Bruce he had ironically observed, "You can have the remains, if you want them." Pale, handsome, aloof, he had retrieved his hat. "This is a flabby life, fit for old men. I never did belong." Without saying good-bye, he had marched off and completely disappeared.

That had been three months ago, three long and anxious months, while Bruce had wondered what he could do about Sue. It was no use trying to understand her unexpected moods, the streaks of tenderness that alternated with fury and coldness. You had to fight her, and this was his chance, and he was going to do it.

BUT Captain Rebow wasn't fighting her. A great softness had flowed across his blunt features. Now he extended his arms, and said: "A tanker that carries oil is nothing more than a tank of oil, Miss Tennant—a tank of oil with a motor behind it and a hut over it where the crew can live. Even in peacetime it is nothing more than an unexploded bomb. Thousands of gallons of oil waiting to jump into the air.

"All it needs is a spark to ignite the fumes and puff—he puffed—the biggest bonfire in the world. I've known many ships that put to sea and never a word from them. When it goes, it all goes, ship, oil, crew, everything. It's no pleasure, I can tell you that; it's no romance."

But Sue smiled, believing him and not caring about these messy details. "He's only trying to frighten us off, Bruce."

Bruce said, "He doesn't have to try. I **am** frightened." But he didn't care, because he would have those ten or twelve days, and nothing seemed to matter, not even a ship that was only a bomb waiting to go off.

"In wartime," the captain continued, "you ride a bomb that is looking for someone to detonate it. That's all. Ten thousand tons of bomb, the biggest bomb in the world, going slowly up the coast, waiting for some torpedo to blow it sky-high. The minute we nose out into the Gulf everyone begins to wait; the long waiting starts. You wait by day and you wait by night.

"You hear the engines and you wait, and slowly the big bomb moves through the sea, and you sit on top of it hoping it won't go off. It's no cruise, I can tell you that."

"You can't frighten us off," Sue repeated.

The captain laughed, looked at his watch, and arose. "Excuse me a moment," he said; "I have to make a telephone call." He bowed a little and walked toward the booths in the rear.

Sue took a lipstick out of her handbag and began to shape her mouth. She didn't offer to speak.

Boldly Bruce watched her, staring at her with the constant wonder he always felt in her presence. Why he had fallen in love with her was clear: She was marvellous to look at, with a slim, girlish loveliness that seemed to spring at life and catch it by the throat. And she was smart, quick-minded, alert. She knew the world and had a perfect confidence that she could handle it, and anyone.

So he knew why he had fallen in love. The question was, why had he persisted in being in love, why had he persisted in dreaming and hoping.

He looked at himself in the mirror behind the bar. He didn't make a figure the way Larry Denhim did. Bruce admitted that he always looked solid, and decent, straightforward, but utterly ordinary beside Sue's sparkling beauty. In his heart Bruce didn't want to look like Larry Denhim, but he had to agree with the facts—Larry and Sue made a pair. In fact, they had almost paired up, going so far as to get an engagement ring.

"Don't look so pained," Sue said. She was smiling. "I hope you're not thinking about me."

"I'm thinking about myself," Bruce explained.

"I'm sorry I interrupted you." But she touched his arm, and he wasn't annoyed.

"Do you think Oxford would have done more for me than Kansas?"

A line appeared on her forehead. She said rather slowly, "You mean a Rhodes scholarship and European tour. You mean Heidelberg and being third secretary to the Berlin legation. You mean Paris, and Rome, and Vienna. That was what Larry Denhim had. But it doesn't go with your style, Bruce. You're Kansas topsoil, and the State University, and you'll never change."

He insisted, "I know what I am, and I know what Larry Denhim was. The question is, which do you prefer?"

She avoided his glance and returned to her lipstick.

He asked, "What's your style, Sue?"

But she shook her head vaguely, thinking, saying nothing.

He thought, three months of not seeing him couldn't have wiped Denhim from her mind, and a quarrel couldn't have erased him entirely from her feelings. But Denhim was gone (to the wars as he had somewhat melodramatically announced) and there was in Bruce a dogged, enduring streak which drove him on where another man might have taken the hint and quit.

He loved Sue, and that seemed reason enough for her to love him. It was the kind of reasoning that pushed Bruce on in all the things he had ever attempted, and in other things he had always got his due. He intended to get her.

Rebow's slow and heavy steps approached. The captain sat down again. "That's that," he said. "And now"—he paused and looked at Sue—"if you still insist on coming . . . ."

"I do."

"Then let's get better acquainted. I'm a soft and sentimental man. But you—what kind of a woman are you, Miss Tennant? You're so handsome. You shine like a gun. A woman should be soft. Don't you think so, Mr. M'Cloud?"

They both looked at Bruce, the captain with a sentimental gaze. Sue ironically. And then they all laughed.

"I THINK only men are sentimental," Rebow went on. "Life makes them so, and that's why women can ruin their lives. Of course," he nodded to Sue, "I don't include your friend."

"I'm as sentimental as the next one," insisted Bruce.

But the captain protested, "I don't mean you, Mr. M'Cloud. I can see you're a man like myself. I meant Miss Tennant's friend, my third officer. He's in charge of the gun crew. His feelings are chain mail, all duty, honor, and patriotism. He does his work. He has no time to play, and make love and dream. He's a man who's been everywhere," the captain went on, "and I have been with him through one torpedoing, and he has no human feeling. I can see why he is Miss Tennant's friend."

"Excuse me," he murmured an apology, "I mean nothing . . . but you are so alike, in a way, you and Mr. Denhim."

Sue's face had stiffened with defence. She seemed to wait for Bruce to explode and he did suddenly, crying out, "Denhim!"

"You know him, too?" the captain asked in surprise. "He's my gun officer."

"Denhim," Bruce said, and he was sick and angry, realising his foolish haste to come here to Galveston and be with her on this trip. He felt the burn of his humiliation.

Smoothly, her dry voice without an echo of regret, Sue said, "Of course, Mr. M'Cloud knows Larry. We all worked in the same office together."

But the captain was looking at Bruce's mottled face with astonishment. "Didn't you know that was why Miss Tennant picked my ship?"

Sue arose. She picked up her purse. "I have to go up and pack now if we're sailing at midnight."

"And I," Rebow said, "have to get back to the Arrow." He shook hands with her, smiled, and turned and left.

They watched the glass door wink behind him as it closed.

"Well," Sue said, "I don't see why it should annoy you."

Bruce sat down again, sitting tight on his feelings. And then he asked, the bitterness escaping control. "What am I supposed to be on this trip?"

They argued and fought for two hours and a mile and a half. It began the moment they entered Sue's room to collect the luggage, the cameras and flash bulbs, the tripods and cases, all the para-

"I just picked up an S O S and thought you might be interested," Arnold said, staring at the captain.

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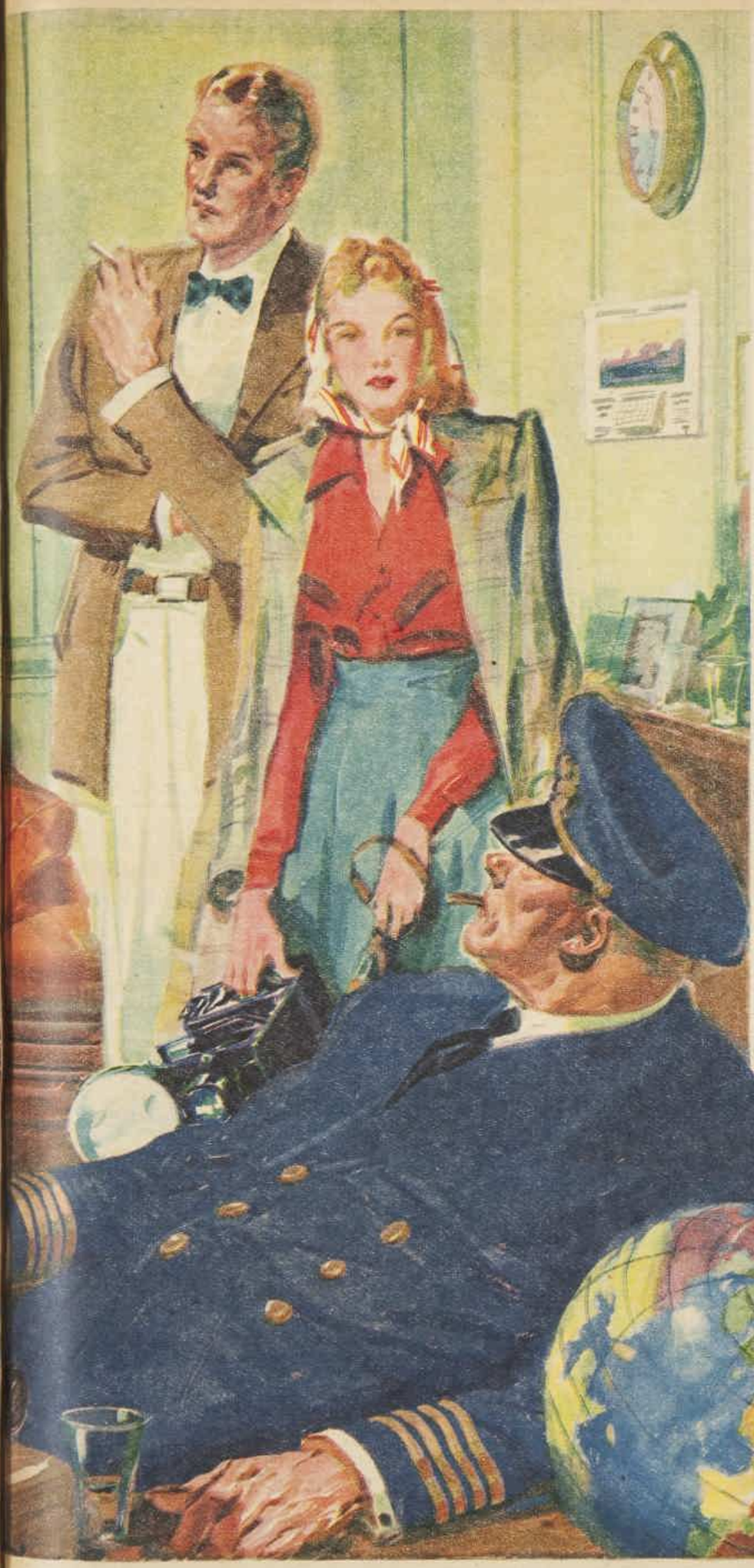

Beginning a swift-moving serial of love and adventure aboard an oil-tanker—a romance of modern warfare.

The sky was filled with moonlight, cloudless, still as the instant between memories, and the cab rattled along. Gloomily Bruce gazed out of the open window, feeling the wind on his face, the strong Gulf wind that came from the hidden waters.

She said, "I want to know why he ran away from me."

"Because even a worm like Denhim couldn't bear you." This wasn't very good, and Bruce knew it as he said it, but he had no way to silence his hurt. It kept pouring out in each phrase, and always the wrong phrases. "Besides," he added, "you left him."

"Oh, no"—she was sure of it—"he left me. A man should always come back to the woman he loves."

"It depends on the world you love in," Bruce explained stiffly. "Among the cold-blooded animals, the fish, for instance, or alligators, frogs, and snakes, the relation of the sexes is at the level of——"

But Sue caught at him, face to face, her hands gripping his arms tightly, and that dry voice broke in and she asked, "Why do you keep saying there's something wrong with me?"

His mind went tight and he felt the pulse in his head like a muffled drum. The taxi swayed and a tug uttered its hoarse call. Loosely her hair touched his cheek, his nose, and his eyelids, and she was there, but he knew that the question and the answer she wanted was not for him or from him.

Bruce sank back against the cushions and was quiet. He thought of Larry Denhim, now a gun officer. So the man had meant what he had said that day of his quarrel with Sue. The words hadn't been heroics, but heroic, and that polished, intellectual aristocrat had gone out and taken a modest, dangerous job, one that would never bring public applause.

It was more than Bruce ever expected from Larry Denhim, who had always mocked the common man and his common hopes. And yet now, with the war burning from continent to continent, Larry had gone forth and offered his life to all common men and with them. With a grudging honesty Bruce silently admired Larry, and with a sinking feeling felt that Sue must be doing the same.

"Sue," he said.

"Yes."

"What was your quarrel with Larry about?"

"Politics," she replied. "It was the silliest thing. I had prepared a batch of pictures on democracy and the war, and he said—you know the way he could say things—that people here were soft and sick and ready to give in. I slanged him back, and the quarrel was on." She paused and the taxi creaked over the rough road. "But he was ready to fight. He wasn't soft and sick and ready to give in."

phernalia of her profession and all the paraphernalia of her intentions. It was the latter especially that aroused the bite in Bruce's tongue.

"I suppose," he said, "the new slacks and the Shetland suit, and all those"—he pointed to the crowded closet—"are to impress the forecastle crew and the engine wipers. You had no right to blackmail me into this trip. You're a fraud. You're a fake. And worst of all . . ."

But this was all talk. It went on from the hotel room, down the elevator shaft, into the street, and into a cab, and across the railroad flats that led to the distant piers.

In the darkness of the taxi Sue insisted, "I have no ulterior motives. It's a sheer coincidence, of a sort."

"Of a sort!" His voice plunged in anger. "It was your idea to photograph the perilous voyage of a tanker up our coastline. It was you who sold the idea to the main office. It was you who convinced them that I would be the best man to write the story. And it was you who finagled a passage on the very boat on which Larry is gun officer.

"I'm perfectly willing to play the bleating kid that attracts the tiger while you patch up this old love affair. But, for the sake of our old and disgusting friendship, don't put on a side-show for me. I wish you luck. What are we supposed to be—engaged?"

They rode in silence to the covered pier, and in silence they got out with their baggage, and in silence waited while an armed guard came up to ask who they were.

At that moment the captain's steward arrived to help them aboard. He was a big negro, taller than Bruce, and he wore a white jacket that shone in the moonlight.

"My name is Stark," he said. Then he picked up all the baggage and went easily ahead. "This way," he said.

The yellow bulbs in the enclosed pier threw a dirty light on crates and copper ingots, or bales of cotton and boxes of onions. They walked along on a sodden wooden floor.

Bruce lighted a cigarette, and the steward said: "You're not allowed to smoke in here, and you can't smoke on the ship either, unless you're in a cabin." Bruce put his cigarette out. "There she is," Stark nodded forward.

The Arrow lay sideways to the pier beneath the brittle light of a flood lamp. Nearly three-quarters of the forward end was open deck, empty of superstructure, except for the bridge, and the stern was crowded high with a house of cabins. The whole thing seemed curiously unbalanced.

A plume of smoke floated into the arc of light, and Stark went up the gangplank, with Sue and Bruce behind him.

As Bruce put his foot on the steel deck he felt the shake of the engines. The ship throbbed, and clinging to everything was the heavy odor of crude oil. Bruce looked round at this mysterious and ominous object that had none of the safety of a boat. He thought of the thousands of gallons of oil that lapped beneath his feet. It was a sea of oil, weighted with scent, and dangerous. This was a steel jacket covering explosive power, fire, and death.

He saw Sue and the steward waiting at the door which led to the officers' cabins.

Slowly Bruce walked across the deck, and each time he put his foot down he heard the ticking of the motors. Then he stepped over the foot-high seaguard into the oil-filled closeness of the passageway. Stark walked ahead to an open door.

HE carried the baggage in and said, "For you, Miss Tennant."

She went in the cabin and closed the door.

Stark opened a door opposite Sue's closed one. "This cabin is for you, Mr. M'Cloud." He walked in, carrying Bruce's grip.

Softly, Stark said: "The captain would like to see you and Miss Tennant as soon as it's convenient." Then he turned and went out.

The cabin was very simple—a chest of drawers, a chair, and four bunks in two tiers on either side of the room. Then he saw the porthole, and the glass was painted black. He leaned back against the wall, and it trembled against his skull, as he waited, thinking.

There was a knock on his door.

"Come in," he said flatly.

It was Sue. She was wearing slacks and a coat thrown across her shoulders. She had bound her hair down with a kerchief, and there was fresh lip rouge on her mouth.

"We're supposed to go up to see the captain," she said.

He answered her. "I'm not sure I'm going to take this trip with you."

A shutter opened in her eyes and she was angry. "Why? Because Denhim is here?"

Then the shutter clicked closed again, and her face was soft, her blue eyes soft, her mouth soft, her body soft, and she said softly, "I wanted you to come along because I have to have someone."

But Bruce didn't change. "Are you in love with him? Did you come back to make up?"

"I had to know," she maintained. "I've been thinking and wondering, and I had to see him and know what I really felt."

"And I want to know one thing, too," Bruce said evenly. "Do we still have a triangle going on, or am I the angle that has been definitely dropped out?"

Her lids flickered with anger. "I don't remember being part of a triangle."

With a comic irony he explained gravely, "Then let me refresh your memory. There were two years in which Larry and I each felt that the other had finally lost out with you, and you kept us that way until about six months ago. Do I have the dates correct?"

She was watching him, queerly surprised.

Please turn to page 8

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The Enemy Sea

Continued from page 7

"AND then," Bruce went on, "you suddenly told me you were marrying Larry. And I could see — at least, I thought I saw—that you meant it. Someway, somehow, the old situation was over and I was out of it. And then, three months ago, the engagement went to pieces, and I decided that you had decided it was all a mistake. I was the only one who was good enough to marry you, after all."

She said, "Bruce."

"I hope I'm not offending your feelings." He politely smiled. "When I heard you wanted me on this trip, I ran like anything because I hoped it was the signal for me, for you, for both of us. And then I find I'm back in the old triangle again. Please excuse my bad manners, Sue, but I have the profound feelings of having been caught in a revolving door."

She said crisply, "Is this your romantic way of telling me you love me?"

"Why not?" he demanded. "Larry carries on the sophisticated part. Mine is grass roots."

And he did love her. He took a step toward her. He put his hands on her shoulders.

Sue stood there steadily. She said slowly, "You know the way I felt about Larry."

Bruce dropped his hands. "Yes," he said bitterly. "He was just everything you wanted. And I was just any old guy."

"It was the way I felt," she admitted simply. "About him. Not you. And then we had that fight on politics. As if they mattered. I had to make this trip with him. I had to know if I loved him or not."

"Why invite me along?"

"Because," she replied, forcing the words out despite herself, "because I could never decide unless you were here, too."

"All right," he said. "I'll stay. I'll meet you up in the captain's cabin."

She touched his arm quickly, almost unconscious of her own gesture, and ran out. . . .

Bruce stepped into the open air. No wind blew and the air was mild with the increasing spring. Off in the distance the city of Galveston lived under a minor dome of reflected light. Here there was no sign of the war; but before he turned forward he saw on the stern a thick mass out of which jutted the heavy barrel of a gun.

He climbed to the bridge deck, and found his way to the captain's cabin.

Sue was there laughing, lounging back in a leather chair, a drink in her hand, her mouth full of laughter. She stopped as he entered, but Rebow rose. "Come in, come in," he called. "We're passing the time until Mr. Denhim arrives. What'll you have?"

Leaning toward the captain, Sue said sweetly, "Mr. M'Cloud blames me for this dangerous adventure. It is dangerous, isn't it, Captain? We wouldn't want Mr. M'Cloud to be frightened for nothing."

"Oh, there's something. You needn't worry." Rebow was psychologically at ease, but his muscular body, stubby as it was, seemed out of place under a ceiling and closed in by walls. The blue suit with the gilt buttons hardly held his strength in. The body worked under the cloth, the muscles rolling when he moved an arm, the jacket tightening when he breathed.

"I've got my camera here," Sue announced, and produced it. "Would you mind if I took a flash of you at ease in your cabin before the arduous trip?"

"Of course not." Rebow smiled sheepishly. "Will my picture be in the magazine?"

"It'll be in every home in America." Sue got up. "Will you help me, Bruce?"

He said, "No." But he arose to help her.

There was a world globe on the captain's desk. Sue spun it. "Sit next to the world," she said.

Just then the door opened and a thin man burst in. He stared in astonishment at the tableau.

"What is it, Arnold?" the captain asked.

Arnold hesitated, all eyes on him. He was tall, angular, and the gravity that went with his narrow face was now shaped by surprise.

"Yes, Arnold?" the captain asked sharply. He explained, "Arnold is our wireless operator. What is it?"

Arnold stared at the captain as if the question were the most astonishing thing yet, but finally he said, "I just picked up an S O S and I thought you might be interested."

"What happened?" Sue asked. It was the opening note in the melodrama of a voyage to sea, and her face blossomed with eagerness. But for Bruce there was no drama here, only a sickening awareness of the fact that despite love and Denhim and Sue, the trip was an excursion into real danger.

"Yes," Rebow said quietly, "you picked up an S O S."

Arnold said one word: "Ladybird." And he went out, closing the door quietly behind him.

The captain moved in his chair by the globe. He gave the mottled map a half-hearted turn. "The Ladybird," he said. "Poor Carlson."

THOUGHTFULLY Rebow stared at the turning globe, at the continents spinning. "Two days ago," he said, "I shook hands with Carlson on the bridge of the Ladybird, right here in this very harbor."

"Oh," Sue said. "Oh." And she sat down. But Bruce could see she wasn't thinking of poor Carlson, and in a moment he heard the real thought: "That's your beginning for the story, Bruce. We're taking Captain Rebow's picture. The tanker hasn't even left the dock, and suddenly from the sea . . . the Ladybird, torpedoed. The voyage begins. The captain sits by the spinning globe."

"Don't you think," Bruce said, "that we could postpone this for a few minutes?"

"It's war," Rebow said. "There's no time for obituaries."

Ignoring Bruce, Sue began composing her photograph, and he moved over to the porthole, which was open, and looked out. It was because of this that he was the first to see Denhim, a slim figure coming out of the darkness on to the rising plane of the gangplank.

At that moment the flash went off behind Bruce's back, and the captain said, "Good." That intense ray of light shining out of the porthole caught Denhim's attention and he paused, looking up. Bruce couldn't make out his expression, for the shadows were too harsh, but the face looked up.

"Here comes Denhim," Bruce said, and he turned round.

This was the personal crisis which Sue had to face. She picked up her drink and sat down, and they all waited. Bruce began to despise this girl whom he had loved. He began to hate her, for the meeting was an affront to his feelings, to the idea he had of her. He had loved her for her independence, even for the sharp and brittle personality with which she had faced the world, the character that took experience like a man, not as something to found a life upon, but something to use.

And here she was, like a romantic girl who had plunged into this dangerous voyage, not for any important public reason, but just because she wanted to bring to heel a man who wouldn't take her for what she was.

The door opened and Ensign Larry Denhim stood there, fair-faced, fair-haired. Tall, slim in his blue uniform, he looked complete and perfect, and even his face was bright and clear as a new-minted coin.

He saw them through shock, surprise, pleasure, triumph . . . This expression was for Sue, for Sue alone.

"Sue," he said. He turned to Bruce. "What are you doing on board?"

Bruce replied modestly, "I'm the super-cargo. You'll have to find out for yourself what kind of cargo Sue is."

A little stiffly, Denhim said, "I'm afraid we're not taking any." A shade of pink had invaded his cheeks, and his whole body had hardened into authority.

But Rebow informed him, "We have our orders to take them. They're going to make a story of our trip." The captain was smiling, a fixed, mechanical smile which made an ironic frame for his concluding words: "And it's going to be a wonderful story, Denhim. It begins with an S O S."

There was no irony in Denhim's eyes. He asked in a quick, pinched voice, "An S O S?"

"Arnold just picked one up. It didn't dissuade them."

Angrily, Denhim announced, "We don't have to dissuade them. Have Stark collect their things. I'll see they leave the ship."

Sue arose, put her drink down on the table, and leaned a little forward. Her face was pale, her hands quiet, and Bruce could see the brittle fury rising. "Are you still playing the lord and master of the universe, Larry? Captain Rebow has orders to take us along."

But Denhim ignored her. "We'll argue with the authorities later, Captain. When we reach New York. The trip is too dangerous for two civilians to play with."

REBOW shook his head slowly as if he were cautioning a child. "It's no use, Larry. I called. I've spoken to Washington. We're supposed to take them. It's part of the morale-building." He made a short bow to Sue. "You could build the morale of an entire nation, Miss Tennant."

She sat down. "Thank you, Captain."

"Get ready to leave," Denhim said flatly. "I'm going to call and have those orders cancelled. You can't sail with us. You ought to have more sense, M'Cloud."

But Bruce didn't want to have more sense, not at this moment, not with Sue coloring at her cheekbones and the romance draining away second by second. He said, "We want to be heroes, too, Denhim."

And Sue challenged, "Call Washington and see where it gets you."

Denhim said to the captain, "I'd like to talk to you, Captain. Outside."

Bruce saw the pantomime of the conversation. Larry spoke swiftly, quietly, without gestures, while the captain kept smiling. He was saying no, no, no. Then they both disappeared, and from the porthole Bruce saw them go down the gangplank on to the pier and disappear into the darkness.

Bruce said, "I hope we get kicked off the ship. It would serve you right." It was so plain now that nothing counted for her except the personal conflict with Denhim, the soured romance that she was trying to sweeten. That seemed a shoddy reason for being aboard, now that Bruce knew of the Ladybird.

Bruce said, "I've always admired your sterling character, Sue, but it has a faint odor of rotted ashes to me now. Denhim's right. I admire the guy. He doesn't want to turn a serious job into a background for romance. We have no place on this tanker."

She said icily, "You can leave."

Please turn to page 31

Margaret Anne Davies granted us an interview

(Translating her gurgles, here's what we heard)

"What will the well-dressed baby wear this season? Hmmm; well, you can quote me as saying Johnson's Baby Powder and Johnson's Oil, with maybe something to wear over that . . . but, lady, be sure it's Johnson's."

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Movie World

For Whom the Bell Tolls

¶ The Paramount production of Ernest Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls" was actually started in 1941.

By November of that year over 300 separate screen tests had been made and only one actor selected — Joseph Calleia, the Maltese, to portray El Sordo.

Then, because producer-director Sam Wood had found just the right location spot in the high Sierra Nevada Mountains of Northern California—and there was just the right amount of snow on the mountains—they commenced the picture without the four leading characters —Robert Jordan, Maria, Pilar, and Pablo.

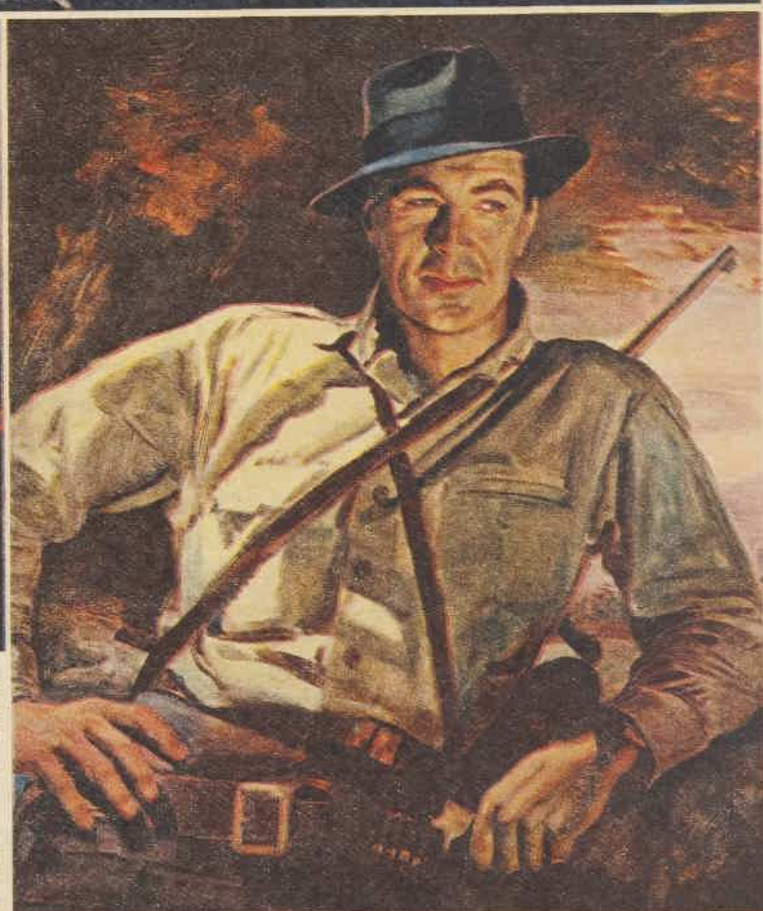
Back in Hollywood Wood discovered he could get Gary Cooper if he could direct Cooper in "Pride of the Yankees," so work was held up on the Hemingway film, but Wood had acquired Cooper as his prize.

Katina Paxinou was cast as Pilar, and Akim Tamiroff as Pablo, and Ingrid Bergman was acclaimed after her test for the Maria role.

Hemingway's story deals with the Spanish Civil War and the author has caught the seething spirit of the people, the tragic temper of the times.

● *Ingrid Bergman dreamed of playing Maria, fascinating heroine of "For Whom the Bell Tolls," and she was Hemingway's selection for the role.*

● *At the top of page artist Dan Sagre Groesbeck gives his impression of the famous "sleeping bag" sequence.*



● *Gary Cooper was a universally popular selection for Robert Jordan, teacher of Spanish in an American college, who during the Spanish Civil War undertook hazardous work on behalf of the insurgents and unexpectedly found romance with Maria, the lovely Spanish girl.*

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What a Woman

1 **BRILLIANT FILM AGENT,** Carol (Rosalind Russell), gets movie rights for best-selling novel, and, setting out to find a leading man, is pursued by news reporter Henry Pepper (Brian Aherne) in search of a story.

2 **THE AUTHOR,** Michael (Willard Parker), is a professor, and Carol decides to make him the film hero.

3 **THROUGH A RUSE,** Carol gets Michael to go to New York, but when she introduces him as the new film discovery her smart friends are amazed at her selection.

4 **WHEN** rehearsals commence, even Carol, a maker of stars, realises that the young professor lacks the experience to act the romantic words he has written.

5 **BITTER** at Carol's treatment of the professor, Henry persuades him to stay and make love to Carol.

6 **MICHAEL** blooms into a romantic type, and Carol, intent on turning out a screen hero, agrees to marry him, but discovers in time that her true love is Henry.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Sprightly comedy of a career girl

AFTER their successful teaming in "My Sister Eileen," Columbia have reunited Rosalind Russell and Brian Aherne in this merry, escapist comedy, "What a Woman."

In the role of the strong-willed career girl, as beautiful as she is clever, Rosalind has a made-to-order role. Her feverish manhunt for a "magnificent hunk of man" to play film hero results in the discovery of Willard Parker—an attractive newcomer, 6 feet 4 inches, and good-looking.

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• *A scene from Michael Balcon's sea drama, "San Demetrio, London," directed by Charles Frend, at Ealing Studios. On board the Jervis Bay, two of the crew sight the German pocket battleship Admiral Scheer.*

• *A scene from the aft deck of the tanker San Demetrio, as she looked on her arrival in the United States after a momentous voyage.*

San Demetrio, London

Cabled by
ANNE MATHESON from London

SELDOM has a motion picture created such wide interest as Ealing's "San Demetrio, London." This epic adventure, produced by Michael Balcon, and directed by Charles Frend, brings to the screen the authentic story of sixteen men of the Merchant Navy, sixteen men who brought home from across the Atlantic the oil tanker San Demetrio.

The merit of this great sea story, worthy of Masefield or Conrad, is that it needs no dramatic gloss from the studio to make it exciting entertainment.

It is a plain tale of the sea, at once a tremendous thriller and reminder of all free peoples' debt to the Merchant Navy.

The amazing courage, devotion, tenacity, and indomitable spirit which inspired these men to tackle the job of boarding a burning, gasoline-laden vessel, subdue the flames, weather the gales, and bring their stricken ship home with most of her valuable cargo, without any lifeboats, radio, compass, charts, navigation books, or instruments, and with only about one-third of her original complement, is an epic which will go down in history wherever tales of the sea are told.

After the crew of sixteen had brought the San Demetrio safely home, guided only "by guess and by God," the Admiralty Court awarded the intrepid crew £14,700 salvage money.

Never in the history of Britain's Merchant Navy had salvage money been harder or more rightly earned.

This is not in the true sense a war film, but a magnificent shipwreck story, true to the smallest detail.

Brilliant cast

OF the actors it can be truly said they don't so much act as exist in danger, Mervyn Johns is exact to the life as Greaser Boyle, who dies at sea; Gordon Jackson is the mess boy; Walter Fitzgerald gives a brilliant performance as the chief engineer; Robert Beatty is "Yank," the Canadian adventurer, who became hero of the ship; and the other 56 players are all well cast and interesting.

Charles Frend's intelligent and imaginative direction is responsible for much of the amazing authenticity of this timely testimony to British seamanship and courage.

The customary cast of characters is omitted from the screen credits, thus doing much toward making the personalities concerned in this gripping drama more real.

This film has already been acclaimed by critics in England and America. One leading American critic writes: "What 'Desert Victory' did for Montgomery's 8th Army, what 'Target For To-night' did for the R.A.F., and what 'In Which We Serve' did for the Royal Navy, 'San Demetrio, London,' does for the British Merchant Marine."

• *This dramatic scene shows heavy seas breaking over the crippled San Demetrio. After the Jervis Bay was sunk the German battleship turned its full fighting power on to the tanker.*

• *Shortly before the tanker reaches port, one of the crew dies and is buried at sea. In spite of injuries he had gallantly stuck to his job.*

306A

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The woman who lost her head

This woman is a national nightmare. At the first scent of Victory she walks out on her war job – walks into the shops. She buys by the dozen, yawns at war loan appeals, thinks she's pretty smart to stock up while the going is good. Multiplied by thousands, she's draining the shops, cornering goods needed by others, playing Hitler's game, paving the way for post-war bread lines. She's a disgrace, the despair of Australia – this buying blitz shopper, this selfish, complacent little woman who has lost her head.

So . . . keep your pretty head and spend your money by all means — in the Victory Loan

Of course, we've bought war bonds before, then let's buy them again, and let's keep right on buying them till the job is done and Victory won. Don't give way to the dangerous dream of a quick end to the war. Dreams don't bring Victory. Dreams don't pay for Peace. Our "vital job at hand" is to buy more War Bonds TODAY. Pounds spent *in time* will work *overtime* – will bring the boys home sooner.

The Lucas girls have already 'sewn up' £2,700 in the Victory Loan and they're sewing overtime to meet the great needs of the Services and to supply clothes for you. Our Spectator production won't stretch far enough these days but every Lucas store, large or small, near or far, is getting a fair share . . . so thanks for understanding and let's all Keep Buying War Bonds Till the Axis Bites the Dust.

Spectator sportswear

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ITALIAN REFUGEE returns to the wreckage of her home.

PATHETIC BANDS of civilians, carrying their few belongings as they trek homeward to a town liberated by the Allies.

CHILDREN PEEP from a hillside cave in which they took shelter during the fighting near their Italian village.

Cassino peasants till farms amid gunfire

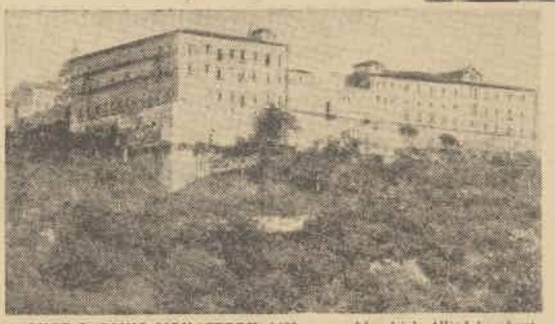
Indifferent to hazards of war

By SERGEANT RON JONES

Sergeant Jones, who is serving with the New Zealand forces in Italy, wrote this story specially for The Australian Women's Weekly. Australian born, he was formerly a journalist in New Zealand.

Here at Cassino, this old grey and white Italian town which heavy guns shattered and great bombers pulverised, one sees the amazing tenacity of the Italian peasant.

The people who wrest a hardy living from the farms that encircle the town preserve the spirit of a resilient Italy better than do the huge urban populations who sold the national birthright to a megalomaniac.



MONTE CASSINO MONASTERY, 1400 years old, which Allied bombers and artillery destroyed because the Germans had converted it into a fortress.

CASSINO and its monastery were parts of Italy never sold to tourists, because they had no place in the vast false front that Fascism presented to the world.

Yet these places are as much a part of the real Italy as Naples and Rome, Florence and Milan.

The years of rage and hatred have passed these peasants by, even though those years have brought war to the very doors of their farmhouses.

For months in sight and range of the hell of assault and barrage they have pursued their stolid way though their whole world crumbles in ruins round them.

They still draw their water at evening from the embattled Rapido River, burn the charcoal that warms their bodies from the evergreen ilex trees on shell-torn slopes, seed next year's corn in the scared soil, tend vines that will ensure another gathering of the grapes.

But the cruse of oil in the loft is empty; no abundance of wine makes the heart glad; no corn lies in the barn to strengthen them; and they have no bread.

Their oxen and sheep have been driven off long since, and though they have a good deal of paper currency they beg or starve.

Still they retain an appearance of independence.

The earth's fruits offer slender relief from the famine of war.

But here the peasants abide in their ruined homes, accepting every hazard that front-line troops are heir to, and seldom if ever moved even to scurry for cover.

A small girl in a blue frock, with a pitcher of water on her head, is the only sign of life round a battery of French howitzers as a Focke-Wulf dives to bomb.

Women with wide hips and unruly black hair bend unconcernedly over the linen, which they slap vigorously on the stones in the river bed, as enemy guns reach out toward them.

An amazing people these — conforming to no standard that Australians would own—innocent alike of boast or ambition.

It is not that they do not recognise danger. They are indifferent to it. Familiarity to it has bred contempt that a soldier might envy.

They have buried their kinsfolk far and wide among the olives—old men and children, matrons and maids.

Their large, solid, square, and very old houses are mostly heaps of rubble, their only shelter the dim, black archways of cellars, and leaky, collapsing barns.

Nothing is left to the people but the defence of the body by daily bread.

Despite all this, however, it is doubtful whether the war, about whose causes they know little, has even yet completely impoverished them.

It is impossible fully to understand or judge them.

There is no quarrel here about how to live or what to live for, and it is questionable whether any of them ever really smelt the air of their time.

Certain it is, at least, that few of them ever had any desire to be where it blows freely and strongly.

Docile to authority, regardless of whose it is, fond of temporizing and inclined to the frailty of "making do," they nevertheless contrive to leave a vivid impression of being individualists and realists.

At their backs stand the Church and the family, as real to them as the fields they till and the mountains that overlook them.

They will never understand, nor will they ever forgive, the destruction of the great monastery which for them had stood for centuries as an Ark of the Covenant.

They may not know whom to blame, but that their countryside happened to be a battlefield can never be an excuse.

A few days ago I spent several hours in towns behind the lines.

The streets were crowded, the men idling and only the women moving with any semblance of purpose.

They have come back from the hills and the caves and the woods to see how much the war has left them. Every road, every day, has its long files of townsfolk going back home, the men trundling their bicycles, and every woman with bundles balanced on her head, or perhaps a bag of grain for the Black Market.

The transatlantic influence is inescapable.

Fifty-lira tumblers were described to me as being "50 cents each." The aged proprietor of what must be one of the few restaurants in Southern Italy still functioning quoted "five dollars" as the charge for a meal of half a dozen eggs and a sliver of steak. Five dollars equals five hundred Italian lire, equals twenty-five shillings of a New Zealand soldier's pay, and the bottle of wine was extra.

Three American "ack-ack" gunners who shared a drink with us, after a look at our shoulder titles, remarked that they couldn't rightly say they knew much about New Zealanders, but if we were a part of the Eighth Army in North Africa then we were O.K. with them.

I did not have the heart to make confusion worse confounded by telling them that, having been born within sight of Sydney bridge, I was really an Australian.

They might have been compelled to the crowning criminal calumny of expressing ignorance of Australians, too.

"Cobbers" author re-discovers English martial song

By MARY COLES

Dr. Thomas Wood, noted English author, composer, and broadcaster, predicts that a seventeenth century English song, Lillibullero, will be the song of the Second Front.

HE has brought with him to Australia a B.B.C. recording of the composition, which he re-discovered at the height of the London blitz.

"Lillibullero" (the word should roll off the tongue with a swing, with each syllable equally stressed) last made history when Englishmen marched in revolt to its catchy air in 1688 and deposed James II in favor of William III.

When Dr. Wood rescued it from obscurity it struck him as the ideal British marching song.

Recordings were made, and now it is sweeping England.

Dr. Wood says it is thought that "Lillibullero" was composed by Purcell, but there is no certainty of this. The author of the nonsense words which were sung to it is also unknown.

New words were composed for "Lillibullero" by Eric Linklater a week before Dr. Wood left England.

They're fighting soldier words, full of fun and punch.

"I'm now godfather to two songs —'Waltzing Matilda' and 'Lillibullero,'" asserts the staunch "cobber" of Australia.

It was largely due to the interest Dr. Wood took in "Waltzing Matilda" on his former visit to Australia, and his publicising of it in his famous book, "Cobbers," that it has become known in every English-speaking country as Australia's unofficial national anthem.

Dr. Wood has come to Australia on a special mission, to tell us about England's war effort.

First impressions of him are those of informality, sincerity, and humor.

He is going to do his job in his own friendly fashion, and plans to return the compliment to this country when he goes back, by presenting his picture of the part Australia is playing in the conflict.

Much of Dr. Wood's story of England at war is contained in his 7cwt. of luggage.

An expert amateur photographer, he has brought hundreds of pictures of the nation's war scars.

He has also pictures of his beloved Athenaeum Club — "The most friendly place in the world," he assured me. "But we've got to be most careful there about food. Lord Woolton, head of Britain's Ministry of Food, is a member!

"But he's a very good fellow. Last time we had lunch together he warned with a smile, 'Keep off the sausages to-day. They're my specials. Only sixty per cent!'"

Dr. Wood speaks enthusiastically about the magnificent job done by the Ministry of Food.

When British people were asked recently by Lord Woolton if they were getting enough food, only 500 wrote suggesting they should get more.

Dr. Wood considers that hospitality and plain speaking are Australians' outstanding characteristics.

He related how he first named his now famous book about Australia, "Cobbers and Sunshine."

"But on second thoughts I deleted the words 'and Sunshine.' I decided the greater included the lesser and just called it 'Cobbers.'"

He remembers first hearing the word "cobbers" when he was with a fishing party off the north coast of Queensland.

"I hooked a small grey nurse shark and as I was pulling it in Bert Trembath, of Townsville, remarked: 'I'll bet he's got more cobbers not far away.'

"I was immediately struck by, and delighted with, the wide meaning of the word," he said.

AUSTRALIA'S staunchest "Cobber": Dr. Thomas Wood, now revisiting the Commonwealth on behalf of the British Government.

Dr. Wood says that his first recollection of the existence of Australians was as a small boy, when he thrilled as he listened to his elders speak of the deeds of the Australian Bushmen in the Boer War.

Later on as an undergraduate at Oxford he met and liked Australians. His interest grew with the arrival of Diggers in England during the last war. Finally he came out and discovered Australia for himself.

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Editorial

MAY 6, 1944

THE PRICE OF VICTORY

THE battle of the South-west Pacific moves steadily farther and farther from Australia.

The shocks of unpleasant excitement when Darwin was bombed, when the Japanese swarmed across the Owen Stanleys, when hostile submarines penetrated even into Sydney Harbor, have faded to incidents in a bygone nightmare.

Australians no longer have the haunting fear that, one beautiful moonlit night, Sydney or Melbourne may be devastated by bombs.

They feel no shadow of doubt any more that the Allies will have a resounding victory in the Pacific.

That conviction has become so fixed and firm in Australian minds that it carries a strong element of danger.

"If victory is so certain," says the more easy-going citizen, "why should I bestir myself? Let it come!"

But, although the battle has moved away, it rages just as furiously as before.

It exacts just as much heroism and devotion from the fighting men.

It calls for an ever-increasing supply of the implements of war.

The soldiers in New Guinea do not believe that victory will come of itself.

When they are home on leave, they often express impatience at what they call the complacency of civilians.

The final response to the Victory Loan will show whether that impatience is justified.

The Loan closes next week.

Are YOU standing behind the fighting forces?

—THE EDITOR.

Time passes slowly in prison camps

ALL THE MEN in this picture are from Brisbane, Queensland. It was taken at Stalag 383 and sent to a friend in Brisbane by Sgt. H. D. Whiting.

PTE. THOMAS MORRISSY, of Kensington, Vic. (left), with a friend at Stalag XVIIIa, Germany. In the background is a small German boy. Picture sent by Mrs. Morrissy, 15 Gordon Crescent, Kensington, Vic.

SIX AUSTRALIANS at Stalag XIIIc. At left, seated, is Pte. Alan Adams (who sent picture to Mrs. G. Emblin, Cheltenham, Vic.). Others are J. I. Adams, Geelong; B. Beaumont, St. Kilda; H. W. Peart, Colac; S. Morgan and L. Manning, Melbourne.

Letters from prisoners of war on this page reflect the cheerful spirit in which they endeavor to vary their activities to pass the years.

One comes from an English Merchant Navy man, who wrote to tell Mrs. A. L. Cosgrove, of Hurstville, N.S.W., news of her son, A/B. James Cosgrove, R.A.N.

A/B. JAMES COSGROVE, R.A.N., was taken prisoner at Port Piraeus, Greece.

The writer, W. G. Cain, now home in Watford, England, says:

"I met your son in Germany, as I was a prisoner, too, but luckily I was exchanged three months ago.

"I was in the Merchant Navy camp about half a mile from the Royal camp, but we were moved to your son's camp about a week before we left for home.

"I heard that some Aussies were there, and although we were not supposed to, I managed to sneak in a couple of times and visit them.

"Your son is well and it's not a bad camp at all, and they don't have to work except on camp duties. All the naval ratings had been moved to working camps near Poland, but officers and petty officers don't have to work.

"Rank is one thing Jerry respects.

"We in the Merchant Navy were lucky, as most of the shipping companies sent us cigarettes each month which kept us well supplied.

"When I talked to your son he told me they were not short, but had no reserves to fall back on, should transport be held up, so I made a collection among those of us who were going home.

"We got 750 cigs and two pounds of tobacco for them, and a big bundle of clothes, which they were very glad to accept.

"The Jerry soldier only gets four cigarettes a day, so if a prisoner has a few to spare he can always exchange them for onions or an occasional egg, or something of the kind.

"Those little things make life a bit easy when one is confined behind barbed wire, for even if there is no brutal treatment it's no joke doing the same things year in and year out. I know that, as I had two and a half years of it.

"Tell Mr. Cosgrove you can rest assured that your son is okay, and that they are well away from the bombing.

"Bremen and Hamburg are the nearest towns, and Bremen is 20 miles away, just near enough for the boys to see and hear the fireworks, and, believe me, it cheers them up to hear those bombs drop.

"I saw Essen on the way out, and London's blitz was nothing to what they are getting, for we flatten the places completely.

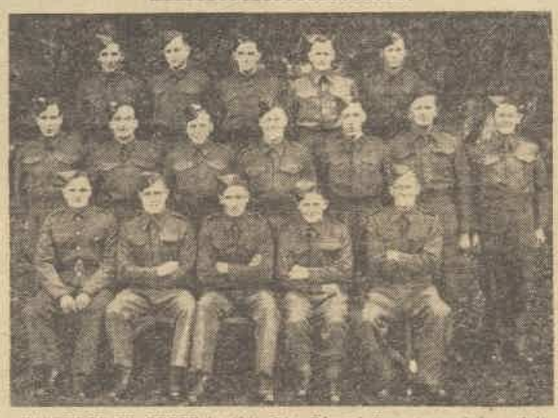
"I don't think they can stand it much longer, and the sooner it's over the better."

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment at 5/. For briefer extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.



CAPTURED IN CRETE in 1941, Pte. Edward Face (second from left in back row) sent this picture home. The group was taken at Stalag 344 (formerly called Stalag VIIIb).

Jack Burke, in Stalag IVc, to a friend in Geelong, Vic.:

"BEING recognised as a medical orderly, I no longer work with the rest of the lads, and so my time is spent in an entirely different way.

"My first job on rising is to assist in the cleaning out of the barracks, after which I take any sick personnel to our local hospital, where they are attended by an Australian doctor.

"This more or less accounts for the morning, and after giving dinner a hearty shock, I start preparing the evening meal.

"As there are seven of us sharing our parcels together, my culinary powers are taxed to the utmost, and, despite occasional coarse remarks being passed about various weird and wonderful dishes of my preparation, the party seems quite satisfied with my efforts.

"Washing, ironing, darning, and sewing tend to raise my blood pressure, but, after all, someone must do it, and I really darn a glorious sock.

"The evening meal out of the way, we pass the time by reading, playing cards, or sometimes an occasional dance helps to relieve any passing brooding moods we may have."

A prisoner of war in Stalag XIIIc, to a friend in Queensland:

"ABOUT a quarter of a mile from here there is a flat on a river bank, quite picturesque, as the background is a very steep wine-growing area with a castle on the brow of the hill.

"Early in the week the flat was dotted with heaps of hay. Then the sun came out, and it was a hive of activity, with us spreading, turning, loading, and carting the hay home.

"The boys here reckon they could defeat a drought after this training in fodder conservation.

"Last week we were on the 'grummet' (the second cutting of the grass hay, which is short and sparse).

"But this is really enjoyable work, especially when I am alone with my thoughts and dreams of home.

"This morning I donned my new boots, Sunday-go-to-meeting pants, and a new khaki shirt. Borrowed a tie, and with three of my mates visited the French prison camp in our town to borrow the boxing gloves. Had quite a good morning.

"I have quite a good library of text books, but as yet the working hours are too long to do much."

Cpl. R. D. Nethercote, in Stalag 383, Germany, to his mother in Marrickville, N.S.W.:

"NOBODY likes the winter here. It has a depressing effect on the Australians. We miss the sun.

"At the moment the ground is frozen hard in the mornings, and during the day it thaws out and becomes soupy.

"So far we have had only a sprinkle of snow, but the frost is so thick each morning it looks like snow.

"However, this winter I shall be all right for clothes—unlike the first winter, when I didn't even have a pair of socks.

"Last night I saw a performance of 'The Late Christopher Bean,' a play put on by our camp concert party. It was quite well done. We have some good female impersonators, and they play the female roles.

"I have just about forgotten what a real woman looks like. I have not seen one for over a year. We are right out in the country here.

"Geneva has been very good in supplying paints, and the portrait I did of Major Brook Moore has gone to England with our Arts and Crafts Exhibition.

"Am hoping it will go on to Australia afterwards."

Sgt. M. Galighan, in Germany, to Miss K. Byrne, 260 Old Canterbury Rd., Summer Hill, N.S.W.:

"LOTS of the boys have taken to crochet. (Don't know how that is for spelling, but ladies do it with a steel hooked needle and miles of thin string.)

"The boys undo old socks and jumpers, and make the needles from old toothbrush handles.

"We walk past them, look hard at them, and tell them they're dropped a stitch, or that we can see their knees under their skirts.

"This is a bit dangerous, as one can land into a fight pretty easily, but most of 'em can take it.

"Regards to all at home, and book a seat for you and me at a good show, when I get back."

Driver A. E. Walford, at Stalag XVIIIa, to his mother, Mrs. G. Walford, 516 Toorak Rd., Burwood, Vic.:

"WE have a good orchestra, made possible through the Red Cross gifts of instruments of all sorts, and a piano which was bought by the boys.

"On Sundays we have Church services. There is a short, breezy sermon to suit the conditions, preceded and followed by four or five hymns."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep*

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

THIS is a week of sharp contrasts with decisive good fortune for some, but only difficulty for others.

To the first group, who should have excellent opportunities, belong Capricornians, Virgoans, and, to a lesser extent, Cancerians. They should plan their affairs well in advance, and act with confidence and energy on good days; but with some caution otherwise.

Scorpions, Leonians, and Aquarians may have extreme difficulty, worry, and unwanted changes. They should, above all things, be cautious, keeping strictly to safe, routine ways of life. They should have patience and good humor in their dealings with others, especially on unfavorable days.

For Taurians this week can mean losses or gains in quite a big way.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): May 8 and 9 (late) just fair. Rest of week not helpful.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): A confusing week. May 2 very fair. May 3 can be excellent, so utilise fully for desired changes and gains. May 4 (morning) poor, balance fair. May 5 (midday) fair. May 7, 8, and 9 (early) can bring opposition, loss, trouble. Work hard on good days, be wise on adverse ones.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): May 5 (morning) can be pleasing. May 8 (early and late) only fair.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): May 3 surprisingly helpful, so be confident then. May 4 and 6 rather poor. May 7 and 8 disappointing and upsetting.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): May 7 difficult. May 8 be extremely wary, very difficult day. May 9 (early) poor. A week for patience and routine tasks. Avoid risks, discord, and changes.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): May 2 and 4 can be good. May 3 should bring success following constructive attempts. May 7 difficult. May 8 probably adverse.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): May 3 and 5 (morning) slightly helpful, since semi-important matters then. May 6 (early and late) may be fair, too.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Be extremely cautious in all affairs. Definitely a week for routine tasks. May 2 and 5 (midday) poor. May 3 moderately helpful. May 7 adverse and May 8 even worse.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Beware of legal trouble, travel, extravagance, and rash decisions. May 3 (late) and May 4 (early) poor. May 5 (midday) and May 6 (early and late) fair.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): May 2 and 4 (afternoon) fair. May 3 excellent opportunities possible; resultant success probable, if utilised fully. May 5, 6, 7, and 8 live quietly. May 9 fair.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): A week for routine affairs only. May 5 (midday) and 6 (early and late) can be fair. May 7 may bring trouble. May 8 can be actively disruptive and adverse. Live very quietly, avoid all changes, arguments, loss, upsets. May 9 (to 4 p.m.) poor.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): An unspectacular week. Keep to routine matters. May 2, 3, 4, 7, 8, and 9 can be rather poor. Care needed.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"Did someone come out of the pictures wearing two pairs of shoes?"

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master Magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, get mixed up in the wrestling game, because
SHARPY: A manager, tricks Lothar into signing a contract,
NAILS: A gangster, fails to force Sharpy into giving him a half-interest in Lothar, and meanwhile
MR. JOE: A fight promoter, decides to sign Lothar and
THE CHAMP: Famous huge wrestler, for a match together. Mr. Joe arranges for The Champ to come to his office. When The Champ arrives he shakes hands with Mr. Joe and Sharpy, crushing them cruelly until they cry out. NOW READ ON:

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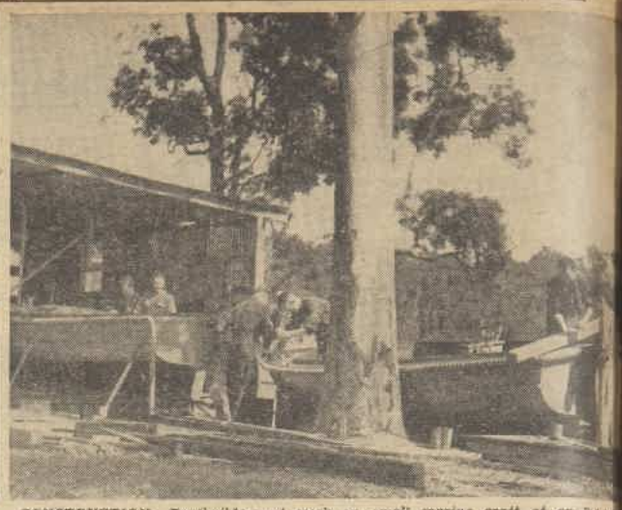
F/SGT. ERNEST PAYNE taking sextant sights. Course covers training in navigation.

CARPENTER-BOATBUILDER doing repair job on crash-craft used in rescue work at sea.



CONSTRUCTION. Boatbuilders at work on small marine craft at an R.A.A.F. Marine Training and Running Section. The men build barges, dinghies, and 22-footers.

RESCUE PARTY PRACTICE. AC1 Ray Cox, who is taking part of an injured airman, being towed by Sgt. Brian Gale and F/Sgt. Bob Ord, to rescue-dinghy, which is manned by Sgts. E. Dickins (left) and R. Ramage.

ON DECK. Safe aboard the crash-craft, Sgts. Alec Orchard and Bernie Bashford attend "rescued" airman. Marine airmen are given training in swimming and life-saving as well as first-aid.

MARINE PERSONNEL aboard motor launch leaving for their day's work at various points on the foreshores of bay where station is located. There is a strong bond of comradeship between the men.

Sailor-airmen make a

Special training for personnel of R.A.A.F.'s marine section

By EDNA MOORE

The R.A.A.F. calls them the "wet section." They are the "sailor-airmen" of the Service and wear anchors beneath their wings to distinguish them from the other personnel.

Officially they are members of the Marine Running Section; the men who build and man the small, fast craft which service the giant flying-boats, and who risk their lives to rescue fellow-airmen who bail out at sea.

THEY do on the water what ground crews do for land-based combat craft on the tarmac. They maintain the link between land and the flying-boat anchorage, ferry the personnel to and from the aircraft, refuel the engines and "bomb-up" before a mission.

They speed busily back and forth across the bay in their little craft, with their engines chug-chugging as they go fussily on their way.

They have the tang of the sea in their talk and the lumbering swing of the sailor accustomed to keeping erect on a rolling deck.

They are graduates of the only Marine Training Centre of the R.A.A.F., and call themselves senior and junior "amphibious ducks" and "Popeye the Sailormen."

Popular O.C. of this training centre is Flight-Lieutenant Jimmy Richmond, known as "The Admiral."

In the last war he was in the Royal Navy. He served in submarines, and ran the German blockade in and out of Russian White Sea ports.

After the 1914-18 war he joined the Merchant Navy. He is an ex-ship's master, and has travelled the oceans of the world by sail and steam. Five years ago he left his home in England to come to Australia to live.

When this war was declared he joined the ranks of the R.A.A.F.

After the war he hopes to retire and cultivate orchids in his garden at Gordon, N.S.W.

At the R.A.A.F. Marine Training and Running Section, which I visited recently, I found "Admiral" Richmond busy supervising the training of sailor-airmen from all parts of the Commonwealth.

The men are chosen for their special aptitude for the work.

As well as their Air Force ranking they are given Navy classifications such as "Coxswains First and Second-Class."

Some become carpenter boat-builders, others fitters and boat crews.

Their lives may depend on their knowledge of navigation by dead reckoning, and they understand the technicalities of the weather.

They learn astronomical navigation, life-saving, and rescue work. They learn to sail in whalers.

The men describe themselves as the happiest group in the Service.

There is a deep bond of comradeship between them and there is a pride in achievement, especially among the boatbuilders.

When the boatbuilders touched the craft they had constructed, I could tell they felt for them that affection the true craftsman feels for his handiwork.

During trials their eyes followed the craft as those of a parent follow a favorite child.

The comradeship founded in the classrooms is further strengthened at operational bases by the loneliness and dangers of their rescue work.

In the course of this duty sailor-airmen spend long hours at sea; just a few men in a small boat, scanning the horizon for an airman in an inflated "Mae West," adrift in a wilderness of waves, or a tiny yellow rubber dinghy with precious lives aboard.

Rescued U.S. ace

ON a rescue they work in close co-operation with searching aircraft.

Flight-Sergeant Ernest Payne, whose home is in Swansea, Victoria, said that in New Guinea waters the marine airmen rescued the American fighter ace, the late Major Thomas Lynch, so many times that Lynch said he felt he was part of their gear.

"That fellow was so game," said Flight-Sergeant Payne, "he'd tackle a flight of Zeros single-handed, and he never gave up till he shot down the lot, or until one sneaked up and got him in the unequal combat.

"Every time they shot him down we went in and got him . . . all except the last time."

Flight-Sergeant Payne looked out over the jetty to the flying-boats at anchor. "He was one of the bravest blokes I ever knew," he said softly.

"Sometimes he bailed out at sea, sometimes along jungle rivers."

F/Sgt. Payne said that rescue parties for airmen lost in the jungle were organised upstream from village to village.

"At each village we told the natives that we were looking for a missing airman, and announced that the Air Force would give £5 worth of food to the village that found him, and a medal to the first native to bring in word of him.

"There was great competition between the villagers as the search spread wider and wider.

"When the missing airman was brought in, the village that found him went into a frenzy of excitement.

"For the presentation of the groceries and the medal the natives put on ceremonial dances and festivals.

"An R.A.A.F. officer, with parade-ground formality, hung a stainless steel medal tied with red, white and blue ribbon, and with his name stamped on it, round the neck of the local 'hero.'

"Next came the ceremony of handing over the groceries."

On one occasion when a rescue party went out to search for an airman who had bailed out in the rugged country above a river valley it found two pilots instead of one.

The airmen had somehow stumbled across each other in the jungle, and stuck together. One of them had been given up for lost days before.

One of the marine-airmen's most sensational rescues while he was in the New Guinea area, F/Sgt. Payne said, was when they went out 6 miles off the coast in a 37-foot crash boat to search for two dinghies which had been sighted by a flying boat.

They took on board a medical officer and an orderly, and set off with throttle wide open.

In the air a rescue communication bomber co-operated.

The dinghies had drifted because of the strong wind, and it was late on nightfall when they were sighted. One dinghy was upturned and had an airman with bad internal injuries lashed to the bottom with pieces of parachute cord.

The other dinghy, with two men in it, had the injured man's dinghy in tow. They were the only survivors of a crew of nine.

Their bomber was returning home from a mission over Rabaul when one of the engines damaged by flak in the target area burst into flames, and the craft nose-dived into the sea.

The impact of the crash threw the three men in the wireless cabin clear. The others went down with the craft.

They had been in the dinghies 12 hours when they were rescued.

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OPE FENDERS to protect craft, being made by Cpl. Frank Hansen and ACI Bill May.

SEMAPHORE CLASS with instructor Sgt. Victor Jenkins in the forefront.

d man small craft

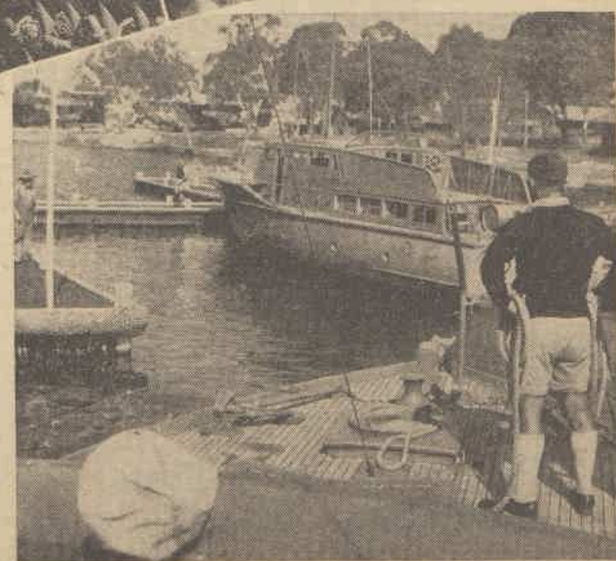
F/LT. JIMMY RICHMOND, officer commanding Marine Training and Running Section at R.A.A.F. station somewhere in N.S.W.

FUELLING BARGE ready to refill tanks of at flying-boat approaching anchorage.

MERCHANT SHIP RECOGNITION. Sgt. Victor Jenkins instructs pupils with ship models.

INSTRUCTOR CPL. MURDOCK MACDONALD describing lines of battleship.

DAY'S CATCH of fish being landed by Cpl. E. Williams, LAC J. McLaren, and ACI S. J. Franklin.



SMALL-CRAFT HARBOR. The station is situated in one of the most beautiful and secluded waterways of New South Wales.

Pictures by Eric Francis, Australian Women's Weekly Photographer.

e sailor-airmen dived over the of their crash-boat with a ter for the injured airman. ally they swam back with him, ting him with their own bodies jumping into the sides of the -boat as they raised him out e water on to the deck.

at wireless-air-gunner lived to another day.

l. George Kendle, whose home South Perth, spoke of rescues ailor-airmen in Northern Aus-

told of Spitfire pilots being ht back for 100 miles and more the coast by the little crash-

told of Jap reconnaissance being shot down and the little getting off at a fast clip to ligate.

"We never found anything belonging to those Japs except their flying-caps," he said. "They always preferred to go down with their craft."

Carpenter-boatbuilders, or "CBBs" as they are called, go into the combat areas with the sailor-airmen. They work the production lines which keep the Air Force afloat as well as in the air.

In combat areas most of their work is repairing small craft.

They never touch a repair job until they have constructed several boats.

Pilot-Officers Ken Breakspeare and Dennis Baker, who are in charge of the boat construction courses, say that a man never gets the feel of a craft until he has made one, and that a man must have a thorough understanding of construction before he can do a satisfactory repair job.

P/O. Baker is a civil engineer in peacetime.

Before his present appointment he studied marine craft designing at Air Force Headquarters.

P/O. Breakspeare is a peacetime boatbuilder.

Their chief assistant is Sgt. Colin Fountain. The three men have lived along the waterfront of Sydney all their lives.

Wherever there is a flying-boat base on the mainland or in secret northern waters, graduates of the marine training school are to be found.

Before the outbreak of war they were only a skeleton organisation.

With the advent of the flying-boat and the increase in their number in the Pacific areas, the need for marine airmen has increased.

The Service is still expanding.

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Continuing . . . Seven Must Return

from page 5

THEY simply had to get back, all the way back, with empty bomb cells, too. It was a ridiculous rule that bombs were not to be released unless the target was clearly identified. Why take double the chance of bringing the plum puddings back. You could still mess it up if old Hammersley made a squeamish landing.

There was no sense to his fears and imaginings, but he nurtured them for six long terror-drenched hours.

On the other hand, Dyce had his role to play. He was the star turn aboard Greasy Neale, and he was egoist enough to sense what was expected of him. He had assumed the mantle of Captain Bobadil, and he gloried in his role. They'd all be there, from the Air Commodore down, practically queueing up to be in line and get the full effect of his flippant entrance.

Already a dozen of his choicest quips had found their way into the most up-to-date glossaries of R.A.F. slanguage.

Of course, they had to get back! It had come to him, as it always did when things seemed particularly mucky. A five-shilling line, this one. Old Dyce had come through again.

"A main event show," he decided he would say. "Straddled the toy shop beautifully. Quite a piece of cake, as raids go."

Oh, there was no doubt about it. They simply had to get back.

Jerry was planting diversion fires well to the west between Rathenow and Neustadt, hoping he could kid them into unloading their stuff before they reached Berlin. That was an old gag, but Dickie was certain of his new navigation instrument, and he was positive of his position within a quarter of a mile. He racked his instruments, slipped his new sheet of symbols and figures into his book of navigation tables and called Hammersley.

"About ten minutes to go, Skipper," he spoke clearly. "I'll check drift again, and set out the showcase, eh?"

"This is where they're holding the party!" Hammersley added over the intercom. "Gunners at the Alert! All stations report!"

The Wellingtons had stirred the gruel to the boiling point by now. Flak was screeching about the sky and the searchlights were piling an illuminated game of pick-up-sticks. The moon was positively wizard and the Stirling shouldered her great mass through the simooms of concussion.

"It's all very gaudy," Jobbins commented, "but it don't compare with our shows. Not like that Guy Fawkes night when I was going through 'Oundsditch. Ours was more even and regular. We don't dab the searchlights all over the playce, messing up the design, like. Our chaps seem to do it smoother and 'get on' with less bother. Like following a good draw at bowls."

That reflection made Jobbins sit up suddenly. He kicked the traversing pedal and his guns swung round with an oily sigh. He blinked twice, cocked his head to one side.

"Gosh!" he gushed like something spurting out of a punctured tin lid. "We can't do any messing about to-night. I've got to get back. We're meeting the 4th Armored Division at Kettering to-morrow! The Air Commodore won't 'arf carry on if I ain't there!"

He went limp under the awesome possibilities of the station bowls team going to Kettering without him. Jobbins had been honored with the important post of skip in the Air Commodore's bowls team, the one recreational risk the portly station commander ventured.

"We've got to get back this time," muttered Sergeant Jobbins. "Ooo-er! 'Ere's another one of the blighters!"

His guns swung back, elevated a trifle, and Jobbins let a Heinkel night-fighter have it smack in the engine cowling.

Aft, beyond the great halberd blade of fin and rudder, Montague-Bates took up the offensive also. Monty had four guns in his turret, and he caught the Heinkel just as she reached the dead stall point at the top of her screaming zoom, brought her well inside the inner ring of the sight and slapped a six-second burst that pickled her properly.

"What's going on back there?" raged Hammersley over the intercom.

Dyce, from his action station, took full credit with: "My mob has just snaffled a Heinkel! We're wizard to-night, what?"

"BOMB doors open, Skipper!" Dickie Steadman reported. "Give me a run-up, south-east to north-west, will you?"

"Descending to attack level," answered the pilot. "Action stations, Dyce. No messing about now. I've got to get back to-night!"

"You've got to get back?" Macklin Montague-Bates queried amid the tangle of the tail turret. "What about me?"

Hammersley was slinging her through the bolsters of concussion and the dazzle of balefire like a man possessed. The stub-winged Stirling answered his demands with reckless gaiety and Steadman had to spread his legs and elbows to stay on the pad. The drumfire from below crashed and erupted to mark their course with flame-splashed milestones.

Aft of the fanning rudder, Montague-Bates huddled behind his gun breeches and stared into the graph-streaked night.

The turret was tilted high now, for the Stirling was nosing down at the target area below. Through the open bomb-doors the slip-stream wailed and sent a storm of dust and loose instrument covers against the battery of flame floats and reconnaissance flares in the wall racks. Monty hung on the cross members and wondered how long it would be before the hit, smack in the middle of the devouring maw of flame and saw-toothed roofs below.

Sergeant Bollinger had left his panel and taken his emergency post in the nose turret and was pouring a double stream into the grouping of gasometers huddled in the shadows that danced beyond the glare of the incendiaries.

This was the minute Monty dreaded. He felt entirely alone, helpless, and trapped in a tangled environment, remote and apart. There was no one to talk to, no one to look at, no one who by glance or grimace could let him know what was happening. The intercom speaker offered only a mad, unintelligible jumble of cries, curses, commands, and confusion; the words and metallic raspings of the speaker vibrators only intensified the realisation that he had to get back, this night of all nights.

He consulted his watch and made a quick calculation. Fully three hours had passed, and there were three more to go. He figured again and the pile-up of hours only made him gag on his dread.

"I put it on at 7.30 after the final briefing," he tongue-lashed himself. "If I hadn't stopped to talk to that girl outside the N.A.A.F.I. hut . . . it wouldn't have mattered. I've only got about fifty-five hours left!"

Hammersley brought her round again after the run-up and took the orders from Steadman: "Right, Skipper! Hold her due south-east now. Three thousand. I'd like to begin where the railway lines come out of the goods yard."

The pilot stiffened everything and waited until the compass card came round and then levelled her off for the actual attack.

"Right! Right, Skipper. Hold her on . . . steady now . . . there!"

The big Stirling jerked with the release of the load. Steadman, glued to his Wimperis sight, began to count and punch the release buttons in pairs. The bomb gear grumbled and the steadying springs scrawnched as the eggs plunged away. Hammersley fought the big wheel and held her true while Kegworth peered out the side window and tried to determine the results.

Behind them on the fight-control platform Dyce stood anxiously waiting until the wing-cell bombs had cleared. He sucked in his breath and saw the guns of the dorsal turret swinging round.

"Bandits attacking from starboard quarter!" he bellowed into the intercom mike. "Get that swine, Monty!"

"Bombs away!" Steadman bellowed. "Bombs . . ."

The chorus of angry explosive roared below as Hammersley tilted her over and shot through the searchlight glare. A rage of machine-gun metal slashed and cut through the dural walls of the fuselage and Hammersley let out a choked scream and threw his gloved hands to his face. The big wheel went wild and Kegworth hurled himself across the cockpit and grabbed at it. He gripped it tight, threw one arm across Hammersley's chest, and held him clear.

"Bomb doors closed!" yelled Steadman.

Another glare of scarlet frenzy seared the sky, and Dyce cried out: "Another Mess-up, Skipper! A proper flamer, that!"

The Stirling slithered into a quaking sideslip while Kegworth bellowed for assistance: "Dyce! Dyce! Give a hand. Hammersley's stopped a creaser!"

There was a peal of exultation in Kegworth's voice even though the bomber had slobbered away several hundred feet of important altitude. He'd always hoped for something like this to happen so that he could get his chance and pilot the Stirling home. He dragged her out and got her nose level again while Hammersley floundered about trying to clear his Sutton straps and get away from the bank of white-knobbed throttles.

"Stopped a beauty, sir!" assured Sergeant Bollinger as he came back and helped Dyce get Hammersley back to the rest bunk. "'E'll 'ave a nasty 'eadache in the mornin', but it's a real 'oliday tap!"

"This one's worth ten quid," Dyce was agreeing while he pawed through the first-aid kit. "Some blokes have all the luck. You'll have to part your hair on the other side for a time. Now hold still and we'll have you ready for Nursie by the time we get back."

"I'll contact the station, sir. They'll be all ready for you."

Kegworth cleared her and called for a position. Jobbins and Montague-Bates were still packing it to the Mess-ups like a couple of demons. There was a distinct spasm of surrender that seemed to stop the bomber dead and Kegworth screamed something from up front. Dyce stood erect, listened, and glanced out of a port.

"Tankage!" he yelled. "That's me!"

HE raced forward, lurched to the engineer's panel, twisted a small black knurled wheel, and snapped in a new series of fuel tanks. Kegworth held her in a glide and methodically brought the two fluttering engines on the port side to a new bellow of triumph.

"Good! Good old Dyce!" he yelled.

"What's up?" demanded Steadman, coming up the catwalk. "Where's the Skipper?"

"Gone aft to have his hair finger-waved. He just stopped a beauty," said Dyce, delighted with his retort. They could always rely on old Dyce.

"Ooo-er!" bleated Steadman, making his way back to Kegworth. "Well in the clear now, Jimmie. Try it for half an hour on approximately three. That should take us north of the coast flak for a time at least. Sure you're all right?"

"Don't worry. I'll get her back. I've got to get back!"

"So have I. I've just discovered I can get a fix in about . . . but never mind. I'll finish up below and then come back and sit with you. Those props out there bother me!"

"Right! Gunners report please!" Jimmie called, aglow with the importance of his new command.

"All clear 'ere, sir," Jobbins answered. "We are a-goin' to get back all right, ain't we, sir? Me and Monty 'ave driven them off all right, sir."

"What do you say, Monty?" Jimmie demanded.

"I'm all right, sir. They seem to have bunged off after the others. We're going to get back all right, aren't we?" Monty pleaded.

"You can put next week's pay on Mr. Kegworth," Jimmie confided over the intercom. "Don't worry, lads. I've got to get back."

Greasy Neale slammed on through the night.

They touched in with just over six hours on the engine logs, and Kegworth dabbed her down as gently as his enthusiasm and anxiety would permit. He rolled her up to her dispersal area, bellowing out of the slide hatch for Crockett.

Steadman clambered out first, holding his new instrument, and was explaining it to a bewildered Bollinger: "You see, I have this pair of mirrors which, combined with this prism, deflect the light of two particular stars into this telescope, in such a manner that when the images are seen superimposed in the centre of the field of view . . ."

"It's a bit too much for me, sir. I can do things wiv mirrors, like making a box of cigars disappear—but this sort of thing. By the way, sir, I 'opes you'll pop in and do the concert party to-morrow night." The Brilliant Bollinger said evasively.

Dyce and Jobbins appeared in the doorway, supporting Hammersley. The gunner saw that Steadman had grabbed the Air Commodore's attention. He hoped he'd get the chance to mention that he was back all right and would be available for the Kettering match.

"Here we are. Safe and sound," Dyce was saying. "You'll get at least two weeks in dock with this lot—and then a spot of leave, you lucky dog!"

But Flight-Lieutenant Hammersley could only hold his head and curse his luck.

"Don't worry! Don't worry," the Air Commodore said with sympathy, and shoving Steadman and his new sextant to one side, "you can do with a rest. You'll have a squadron to worry about after this. Promotion, my boy! Everybody else all right?"

"All right?" Dyce crowed brazenly. "We shed a spot of Britain's bravest and bluest, sir; but it was a main event show. 'Ve straddled the toy shop beautifully! Quite a piece of cake, as raids go."

"Oh, good! Jolly good, that!" the Air Commodore beamed. Then he turned and made a grab for a gunner: "Here! Here you. Where are you off to?"

It was Macklin Montague-Bates, all gear and gasps. Monty turned and fingered with his crotch straps. He glanced at his wrist watch anxiously: "Me, sir? I've got to be off. You see, sir, I left my little wireless set on when we left, and it's a battery model—and there's only about fifty-five hours of juice left. You don't mind, do you, sir? I'll be back in a minute."

The Air Commodore just blinked.

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Animal Antics

"He's just back from Hollywood. He played a few bit parts."

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Send for this comprehensive

12-PATTERN LAYETTE

for baby, price 3/6

THIS layette was specially selected for infants by Sister Mary Jacob, our mothercraft nurse.

The layette illustrated above comprises: 1. Magyar nightgown. 2. Raglan-sleeved nightgown. 3. Carrying coat. 4. Magyar dress. 5. Dress (set-in sleeves). 6. Petticoat. 7. Matinee jacket. 8. Cotton undershirt. 9. Flannel pilchers (to be worn over napkin). 10. Bonnet. 11. Bootees and mittens (made from scraps). 12. Toddler's bib.

Suitable clothes contribute an important part to every babe's well-being.

The clothes should be planned so that they can be made simply, fit smoothly, launder easily, have no unnecessary double thicknesses which will not dry quickly, and allow plenty of room for rapid growth.

For economy the first clothes should be cut on the big side, and have tucks, inverted tucks, or smocking on the shoulders which can be let out as baby grows, and it is also wise to turn up wide hems.

WHERE TO OBTAIN THESE PATTERNS

Patterns embracing the above attractive little garments, complete with cutting and making instructions, can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney, for 3/6, post free. *N.B.: These patterns are available to mothers at all times.*

Harry Watt says great film possibilities here

By PEG McCARTNEY

Shortly after his arrival in Australia I interviewed the famous English writer-director, Harry Watt, who has come to this country to make a film.

Previously my ideas of motion picture directors had been based entirely on Hollywood's musical comedy versions—complete with sandals, beret, and horn-rimmed spectacles. Mr. Watt doesn't fall into pattern at all.

HE is a quietly spoken, sandy-haired Scot, absurdly young-looking in view of his impressive film successes, and rather bewildered as to why he is classified as a celebrity.

"You see, I'm not used to any fanfare," he explained. "I find the only way to get a real cross section of a country, to meet people from all walks of life and chat with them naturally, is to just be an ordinary guy. I like to wander into little coffee shops, off to the races, out in the bush, and at the beaches, talk with soldiers on leave—that is where I expect to find the true Australian types."

I realised then that this factor had probably been an important one when Mr. Watt made "Target for To-night," one of the finest documentaries of the war.

"Naturally," he said, "those Air Force chaps were pretty self-conscious at the thought of facing up to the cameras, so I went and lived at the mess for a month before we started work. I got to know the lads, and they all wanted to help. Sometimes I'd do a scene myself to show them how, and usually look so darn silly, they would want to have a go themselves to show they could do better."

In the semi-documentary film, "Nine Men," Watt tried a combination of professionals and non-professionals. For instance, when he needed a tank officer for a small part he didn't ask the Army to supply an officer for the role. He knew they would send him the regulation type with trim moustache and clipped accent. Instead, he persuaded his Welsh taxi-driver to take the role. "He was a tough, burly type," he said, "and did a grand job."

I was impatient to hear Mr. Watt's plan for his film on Australia, but as yet he hasn't worked out any decisive scheme.

He did reveal, however, that he hopes to make the film semi-fictional, semi-factual, and within a few days of his arrival in this country he collected official reports on Australia prior to, and at the time of, the Japanese attack.

"What I'm hoping to do," he said "is to select my own characters, but have them in real life situations, and endeavor to re-create what actually happened."

After years of film production, Mr. Watt is still amazingly enthusiastic and sincere about his work, and is convinced that this country has tremendous possibilities for the making of films.

Australian films

"YOU people probably don't underestimate the beauty and immense natural resources of Australia, but you do little to publicise them," he stressed.

"The westerns have been the backbone of the American film industry, so think what could be done to capitalise on your country, with its grand-scale landscapes and vital color, and what a wealth of drama there is to bring out in what Australians refer to as the life outback.

"I have had a dream for a long time now," Mr. Watt told me, "and after the war I hope to see it eventuate. That is a plan for a reciprocal exchange of film technicians throughout the world. Englishmen could come to Australia and have facilities to make a series of films here. Australians could visit England and work there, or Russia, or America. This scheme, I think, would mark a tremendous improvement in films the world over."

I asked him then to explain the amazing phenomenon that in spite of the blitz, and an all-out wartime effort, English pictures were better than ever before.

"There is no doubt," he agreed, "the war has given a tremendous impetus to the English film industry. We don't take our work lightly any more. Films are not considered a good-time medium of entertainment, but an important and worth-while industry, and we are determined that they shall not be stamped out in this war as they were in the last.

"Another important factor is that the Continental and American technicians who practically ran the industry before the war have now left, and our own boys are getting a chance, and, believe me, they are doing some fine work. I have seen them walk out on a film if they think it's no good. They take enormous pride in their work, and literally refuse to produce rubbish."

"What of your post-war plans?" I ventured, and that boundless enthusiasm was loose again. Harry Watt is convinced that documentaries and semi-documentaries have done much to help the war effort, and sees no reason why they should not do even more for the post-war world.

"But wait a moment," and he was searching frantically through his wallet, "the great Russian film producer, Alexandr Dovjenko, expresses this so much better than I." A tattered scrap of paper was produced, and I read:

"Film workers don't varnish the world of to-day. Do not 'make it up' out of your imaginings. The world is now very ill. Do not divert your art to trivial individual matters. The cinema must and can give the answer to the sorest, sharpest contemporary problems. It must honestly help suffering mankind to find its bearings."

Women will like this new radio session

"The Man I Might Have Married" is the title of an interesting new session which begins on station 2GB on May 7 at 7.13 p.m.

THIS programme will have wide appeal to women, whether married or single.

Most women reflect occasionally on what might have occurred in their life had they married someone other than the husband of their choice.

Single women look back on their matrimonial proposals and wonder whether they would have been happier had they accepted one of them.

Sometimes these thoughts are set in train by the chance meeting with an old friend.

These reflections on what might have been form the basis for a series of dramatised episodes, in which well-known radio artists will be heard.

Each episode is complete in itself and relates a woman's thoughts and reactions when she recalls the time when she made the all-important decision in her life—whether she should choose Tom, Dick, or Harry.

The opening session tells of a woman who had an unexpected meeting after ten years with a man with whom she had once been in love.

This man had always been waiting for a better job to come his way before he would make up his mind to marry.

The woman had decided it was better for them to part, but had still thought of him romantically. To her surprise when she met him again it was to find that at first she did not recognise him, and that he now meant absolutely nothing to her.

A competition will be run in conjunction with this feature. A prize of £1/1/- will be paid to any listener who writes a short description of an experience which is accepted for dramatisation in the session.

All characters will be given fictitious names, and the identity of the writers will not be disclosed. Entries should be submitted to station 2GB.

Those who will take part in the early episodes of this Macquarie production include Madge Thomas, Thelma Scott, Malva Drummond, Richard Ashley, Joan Lord, John O'Malley, and Colin McAlister.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, May 3: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, May 4 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "All Those in Favor."
FRIDAY, May 5: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."
SATURDAY, May 6: Goodie Reeve presents Radio competition, "Melody Foursome."
SUNDAY, May 7 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."
MONDAY, May 8: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys."
TUESDAY, May 9: "Musical Alphabet."

Film Reviews

★★★ THE MORE THE MERRIER

AN effervescing and fast-moving comedy set against a background of war-crowded Washington, with sprightly Jean Arthur as a Government worker who gets into some hilarious situations when two men sub-lease half of her apartment, causing both annoying and romantic complications. Joel McCrea supplies the romance and Charles Coburn the annoyance. Coburn (winner of the Academy Award for this characterisation) takes full advantage of his excellent character role and steals the acting honors, but there are fine performances from all in this escapist fare of wartime conditions in the nation's capital. As producer-director, George Stevens is responsible for this sparkling and diverting piece of entertainment.—Lyceum; showing.

★ SWING FEVER

THIS dull and hopelessly tangled little musical has three marks on the credit side which just manage to scrape it into the one-star group. Ingenue Marilyn Maxwell is refreshingly pretty (although her singing is only just adequate); Kay Kyser's orchestra provides some catchy musical arrangements, in spite of Kyser's irritating tendency to show off; and most important of all, there is a brief but fascinating flash of Lena Horne singing "You're So Indifferent."

The flimsy production and absence of sparkling dialogue do nothing to enhance the uninspired and familiar story.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

THE IRON MAJOR

AMERICAN audiences may have found a sentimental appeal and human interest in this story of the life of the famous football coach, the late Major Frank Cavanaugh. Australians, however, will find it dull fare.

This is mainly the fault of RKO, who tell their story with a lack of subtlety and understanding. In the role of Cavanaugh, Pat O'Brien tackles his part with zest, but little else. His boisterous over-acting and quick-fire speech soon pall.

Ruth Warrick does a better job as Mrs. Cavanaugh, but the role offers little scope.—Civic; showing.

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VICTORY STYLES. Pretty Marty Curtiss and Avis Higgs create novel touches to frocks with slogans for Victory Loan, to which both have subscribed.

CAKE-CUTTING CEREMONY. Corporal Keith McDowell, A.I.F., and bride, former Norma Wray, cut wedding cake at reception at Pickwick Club, which follows ceremony at Shore Chapel. Couple now honeymooning at Mount Victoria.

AIR FORCE WEDDING. Wing-Commander Tommy Stokes, D.F.C., R.A.A.F., and his pretty bride, who was Diane Dupain, leave St. Mark's, Darling Point, by car for reception at Storrington, Darling Point. Diane is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Dupain, of Cairns and Sydney.

On and Off Duty.

DECKS cleared for action when trim Wrans celebrate third birthday.

Third-Officer Joan Furley, who was second girl to join Women's Royal Australian Naval Service, presses uniform at Wrannery at Balmoral for trip to Canberra, where first members to enlist have birthday celebrations.

First twelve Wrans invited to party held at Harman, Canberra, all able to accept invitation except one lass who is on service at northern battle station. Birthday cake, decorated with three candles, cut at party. Joan, who is in charge of Wrans personnel at H.M.A.S. Penguin, renews acquaintance with Third Officer Frances Provan, who was first Wran to enlist.

• • •

MEMBERS of newly formed New Zealand Association in Canberra sad to hear news that their High Commissioner and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Berendsen, will leave shortly for Washington, U.S.A., where Mr. Berendsen will be New Zealand Minister.

• • •

ROUND of farewell parties for Mrs. Berendsen commences with morning reception given by wives of Diplomatic Corps in Canberra, when they entertain her, together with Mrs. Randolph Kidder, who also sails for America soon. Hostesses present guests of honor with lovely Australian opals. Party held at home of Mrs. W. Garnett, wife of official secretary of United Kingdom's High Commissioner's office.

THIS week Mr. and Mrs. Berendsen come to Sydney to greet new High Commissioner for New Zealand (Mr. J. G. Barclay) and Mrs. Barclay. Upon return to Canberra plan reception to introduce new arrivals to Canberra diplomatic circle before leaving for New Zealand visit, en route to U.S.A.

• • •

FUTURE home at Narromine for Pilot-Officer and Mrs. L. J. Harper, who are now honeymooning at Bowral. Mrs. Harper is former Patricia Horan.

PLAYTIME FOR CHILDREN. Lady Morshead, president of A.I.F. Women's Club, held each Friday at Y.W.C.A., watches Pamela Quick and Ken Taylor enjoying ride on rocking-horse at creche, run in conjunction with club, while their mothers enjoy afternoon's club activities.

NEW GUINEA LEAVE. Staff-Sergeant Douglas Crozier, A.I.F., and his bride, former Private Gwen Hodgson, A.A.M.W.S., who gets leave from New Guinea, cut cake after marriage at All Saints' Church, Kempsey. Bride was one of original V.A.s at 113th A.G.H.

MEET Mrs. Charles Cullen, of Cassilis, who comes to Sydney for C.W.A. Conference as delegate from Mudgee-Coolah group. Tells me group maintain C.W.A. Hospital in Cassilis, caring for five cases with voluntary help. Mrs. Cullen has recent news from mother, Mrs. Charles Tilden, former well-known feminist, Mrs. Linda Littlejohn, whose home is in New Jersey, U.S.A.

PROVIDED both she and fiance can get leave, Lieut. Joyce Copland, A.W.A.S., and Captain Don Tier, A.I.F., plan wedding on May 12 at Scots Church, Melbourne. Joyce, who is elder daughter of Prices Commissioner Professor Douglas Copland, and of Mrs. Copland, of University, Melbourne, has just announced engagement to Don, who is only child of late Athol Tier, well-known radio personality, and of Mrs. Tier, of Rose Bay.

• • •

A SATIN wedding gown embossed with silver, and a lovely cut tulle veil, will be among luggage taken by Miss Betty Weymark, who leaves Australia soon for her marriage in America with fiance Lieut. Ross Blakely, U.S. Navy.

Sailing date is, of course, indefinite, but Betty hopes she will still be in Sydney to be one of bridesmaids to attend Phyllis Raves when she weds Lieut. Bruce Cuttle, A.I.F., as soon as he gets leave.

• • •

SIX-PAGE airgraph letter received by Mrs. A. O. McPhillamy from daughter, Mrs. Arthur Kinnear, telling detailed news of her recent marriage in India.

Bettina, who was chaperoned on voyage to India by Lieut.-General Sir Iven Mackay, first Australian High Commissioner to India, and Lady Mackay, was guest of Bombay's Governor, Sir John Colville, and Lady Colville, and was married from Government House. Ceremony at St. Columba's Church, followed by reception at Taj Mahal Hotel. Sir Iven gave bride away, and his aide, Captain Ken Pring, of Sydney, was best man to bridegroom, Major Arthur Kinnear, Indian Engineers.

Joyce

COUNTRY INTEREST. Staff-Sergeant Godfrey Mackinnon, A.I.F., of Strathfield and Tamworth, with his bride, formerly Dulcie McGruer, of Bonnie Doon, Tumut, leaving St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street, after their marriage.

LIEUT. ALISON URQUHART, welfare officer to French Navy in Australia, and Amélie Tubaud, Free French Delegation, finalising last-minute details before Lieut. Urquhart leaves to take up new liaison job with French Navy in Algiers.

Interesting People

DR. K. H. BERNS

. . . American Red Cross

SUPERVISOR of American Red Cross clubs, hospitals and camp service in Brisbane-Rockhampton area, Dr. Karl H. Berns, of Ohio, formerly director of A.R.C. Service Club in Melbourne, is keenly interested in Education. Before joining overseas staff of American Red Cross he was staff member of Ohio Education Association and instructor in school law at the State University.

MISS BEATRICE LYNCH

. . . Youth training

RECENT recruit to Y.W.C.A. activities, Miss Beatrice Lynch, of Melbourne, has been appointed secretary of new Youth Leadership training course arranged by Melbourne Y.W.C.A. in preparation for post-war rehabilitation problems. Course, which is a nine months' one, will include study of society—of the individual and the group—teaching processes, physical education, practical work.

PILOT-OFFICER C. DONOVAN

. . . Netherlands Flying Cross

FIRST member of R.A.A.F. to win Dutch award is Pilot-Officer Cyril Hamilton Donovan, of Queensland, who recently received Netherlands Flying Cross for operations over Timor Sea and Dutch East Indies. Before war was jackeroo in Queensland. Enlisted three years ago, and became wireless gunner. After fall of Singapore returned to Australia and was appointed to Dutch Squadron, which hit submarine that shelled Sydney.

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"HAZEL," pictured above, may appear to you as a difficult garment to knit, but really it's as simple as A B C. Four strands of wool in a darning needle make the big herringbone stitches along stripes.

This is "Hazel"... gay, decorative

JUMPER-CARDIGAN

● Off-duty hours will be all the brighter for this colorful garment. Do knit it!

MATERIALS: 3oz. each of two contrasting shades of Patons Super Scotch fingering wool, 3-ply (this is the only wool which should be used); small amounts of different colored wools for embroidery; 8 small white buttons or moulds; 1 pair No. 9 knitting needles; medium-sized crochet hook.

Measurements: To fit 32-34-inch bust—Length from top of shoulders, 19in.; sleeve seam, 5in.

Tension: 7½ sts. to an inch, unpressed.

THE BACK

The pattern consists of 18 rows.

1st Row: P.

2nd to 16th Rows: Moss-st.

17th Row: P.

18th Row: P, changing wool.

Cast on 100 sts. and work 1in. in k 1, p 1 rib, decreasing in last st. Change to moss pattern, changing color at end of every 17 rows and decreasing at each end of every 6th row until 91 remain. Still in pattern, increase at each end of every 6th row until there are 113 sts. on needle. Work straight until side edge measures 12in.

Shape armholes by casting off 6 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows, then k 2 tog. at each end of every alternate row until 89 remain. Work straight until back measures 18½in., then shape shoulders by casting off 8 sts. at beginning of next 6 rows; cast off.

THE FRONTS

Left: Cast on 42 sts. and work 1in. k 1, p 1 rib, decreasing in last st. Change to pattern, increasing at front edge every 4th row nine times, and at same time shape side edge by decreasing every 6th row four times, then increasing every 6th row, to match back, until there are 57 sts.

Work straight until side edge measures 12in., then with front of work facing, shape armhole by casting off 6 sts. at beginning of next row, then k 2 tog. at armhole edge on every alternate row until 45 remain.

Work straight until front measures 16in., ending at neck edge.

Next Row: Cast off 9 sts., then continue in pattern, decreasing at neck edge on every row until 24 remain. Work straight until front is same length as back, then shape shoulder by casting off 8 sts. at beginning of next 3 alternate rows, armhole edge.

Continued on page 22

"PATRICIA," pictured above, will appeal to all those who are not so slim, because it is designed on smart, youthful lines. It will fit sizes 42 to 44. Directions commence on this page and continue on page 22.

This is "Patricia," smart, slenderising

Jumper for the matron

THIS garment, designed to fit sizes 42 to 44, was made in grey and yellow, an unusual and snappy combination.

Navy and white, or green and white, or brown and beige would look just as fetching.

Materials: 6oz. grey, 3oz. yellow Patons super fingering wool, 3-ply; 4 buttons; 1 press stud; 1 pr. each Nos. 9 and 12 needles.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 19in. Width all round at underarm, 42in. Length of sleeve from underarm, 5½in.

Tension: To get these measurements it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 7½ stitches to the inch in width.

THE BACK

With No. 12 needles, cast on 116 sts. (grey) and work in k 1, p 1, rib for 3in. Cast off loosely in rib. Using No. 9 needles, cast on 10 sts. (yellow) and work in stocking-st. for 15in. Cast off. Work another strip in the same manner, and one strip 14½in. in length. Cast on 10 sts. (yellow) and work in stocking-st. for 7½in., ending with a p row. Proceed as follows:

1st Row: K 2 tog., knit to end.

2nd Row: Purl. Repeat these 2 rows until 2 sts. remain, k 2 tog. Fasten off. Work another strip with shaping at opposite edge. Cast on 17 sts. (grey), k 1 row.

Next Row: * p 1, inc. in next st., repeat from * until 1 st. remains. Inc. in last st. (26 sts.).

Continued on page 22

Ladies! Try these lucky dips. Useful hints and worthwhile tips!

1. One for knitters! Back the buttonhole side of a cardigan with fine Petersham ribbon, a little wider than the buttonholes themselves. Cut holes through the ribbon to correspond and buttonhole ribbon and knitting together. Result—no sag, no stretch.

2. Last year's dark Autumn frock takes on a new charm when you add this boat-shaped collar, made of pastel linen. Embroider it with bold simple stitches in gay wool or coarse thread. Make loops around the edge of the collar with wool, thread or fine linen binding.

3. A cold in your family? Then take precautions against others catching it through the wash from infected clothing. Persil purifies even in warm water—so you can count on Persil washing for bed jackets, rayon nighties—as well as for those things you boil.

* * *

4. Baby's hand-knitted shawl needs extra special washing. Squeeze it through tepid Persil suds. Rinse three times. Take care to support the weight when lifting it out of the bowl while still heavy with water or the shawl will stretch. Roll in towels to sop up all possible moisture. Dry flat, away from heat, stretching to shape as it dries.

P.354.3

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Continuing directions for "Patricia"

JUMPER FOR THE MATRON

● See this smart garment, designed for sizes 42 to 44, illustrated in color on page 21.

WORK in stocking-st. until strip measures 15in. Cast off. Work another similar strip. Work another strip 14½in., and continue as follows:

1st Row: Cast off 5 sts. for neck, knit to end.

2nd Row: Purl to last 2 sts., p 2 tog. Work 2 tog. at neck edge in next 2 rows. Cast off. Work another strip with shaping at opposite edge. Cast on 4 sts. (grey) and work in st.-st., inc. at beg. of 5th and every following 6th row until 8 sts. are on needle. Continue without shaping until strip measures 7½in. Cast off. Work another strip with shaping at opposite edge.

THE FRONT

With No. 12 needles, cast on 126 sts. (grey) and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 4½in. Cast off loosely in rib.

FRONT STRIPS

Using No. 12 needles and yellow wool, cast on 15 sts. and work in rib for 11½in. Cast off. Work 17 rows of a similar strip, then make buttonhole thus:—

1st Row: Work 6, cast off 3, work 6.

2nd Row: Work 6, cast on 3, work 6.

Make 3 more buttonholes in every 32nd and 33rd rows. Work 16 rows after 4th buttonhole. Cast off.

With No. 9 needles and yellow wool, cast on 10 sts., and work 13in. in st.-st. Cast off. Work 3 more strips like this. Cast on 17 sts. (grey) and k 1 row. Work in st.-st., inc. to 26 sts., as given in back strips. When strip measures 11½in. ending with a purl row, proceed as follows:—

Next Row: Cast off 5 sts. for neck-shaping, and k to end.

Work 2 tog. at neck edge of next 9 rows, then work 6 rows without shaping. Cast off. Work another strip with shapings at opposite ends of needle. Using grey wool, work 2 more strips in st.-st., casting on 17 sts., and inc. to 26 sts. as before. When strips measure 13in., cast off.

SIDE PIECES

Cast on 8 sts. (grey) and work in st.-st., inc. at beg. of 9th and every following 6th row until 18 sts. are on the needle. Continue without shaping until strip measures 7½in., ending with a purl row.

Shape for the armhole as follows:

1st Row: Cast off 8 sts., k to end.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: K 2 tog., k to end.

Repeat 2nd and 3rd rows until 2 sts. remain, k 2 tog. Fasten off. Work another strip with shapings at opposite end of needle.

SHOULDER PIECES

Cast on 10 sts. (grey) and work in st.-st. for 4½in. Cast off. Make one more strip grey and 2 yellow. Sew one piece yellow and one grey tog. for each shoulder.

POCKETS

Cast on 10 sts. (grey) and work in st.-st. for 3½in. Cast off. Cast on 5 sts., and work 2 yellow strips and 1 grey in the same manner. Work another pocket.

THE SLEEVES
(Side Pieces)

Using grey wool, cast on 10 sts., and work in st.-st., inc. at the beg. of the 5th and every following 4th row until 16 sts. are on the needle. Continue without shaping until strip measures 4in., ending with a purl row. Proceed as follows:—

1st Row: Cast off 2 sts., k to end.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: K 2 tog., k to end. Rep. last 2 rows until 2 sts. remain, k 2 tog. Fasten off. Work another strip with shapings at opposite end of needle. Cast on 10 sts. (yellow), work for 6in., ending with a p row.

Next Row: K 2 tog., knit to end.

TWO SMART GIRLS model "Patricia," slenderising jumper designed for sizes 42 to 44, and "Hazel," the lovely decorative cardigan-jumper for sizes 32 to 34 . . . See both garments in color on page 21.

Next Row: Purl. Rep. these 2 rows until 2 sts. remain, k 2 tog. Fasten off. Work another strip with shapings at opposite end of needle. Cast on 26 sts. (grey), work in st.-st. for 8in., ending with a p row.

1st Row: K 2 tog., knit to end.

2nd Row: Purl. Rep. these 2 rows 4 times, then work as follows:—

1st Row: K 2 tog., knit to end.

2nd Row: Purl to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

Rep. these 2 rows until 10 sts. remain, then work 12 rows without shaping. Cast off. Work another piece with shaping at opposite ends of needle. Cast on 10 sts. (yellow), work in st.-st. for 11in. Cast off.

With No. 12 needles, cast on 92 sts. (grey). Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 1in. Cast off in rib.

THE NECKBAND

With No. 12 needles cast on 12 sts. (grey) and work 13in. in rib. Cast off.

THE BOW

With No. 12 needles cast on 6 sts. (yellow) and work in rib for 1½in. Cast off. Cast on 8 sts. (grey), and work 1 row in rib. Now work 4 sts. yellow and 4 sts. grey still in rib, twisting the 2 colors at centre to prevent a gap. Work this way for 10in., making the last row grey, and cast off in grey.

TO MAKE UP

Press all pieces under a damp cloth with hot iron. Sew back tog. as follows:—Take yellow 14½in. strip and join a grey strip shaped for neck either side of it. Join a 15in. yellow strip to each grey, then a 15in. grey strip to them. The short yellow strips are joined to them as far as they will reach, and the grey strips joined to them so the shaping for armholes is even.

Note: All cast-on edges should be put at the bottom. Sew on well, easing st.-st. to fit ribbing. Sew front tog. as follows: Take a ribbed strip and sew a shaped grey strip to it, then a 13in. yellow strip, a 13in. grey strip, a 13in. yellow strip, and a side strip of grey. Join other side to match. Overlap front rib strips and sew tog., join on welt as back. Place shoulder strips crosswise with grey at bottom, and sew back and fronts to them, easing to fit shoulder pieces. Sew on neckband.

To Sew Up Sleeves: Beg. at side. First, side piece (grey), shaped piece (yellow), shaped piece (grey), straight strip (yellow), and other side to correspond. Join all seams and insert sleeves, making pleats at top. Make bow out of strip and centre piece. Sew in position. Sew on pockets 3in. down and with grey strip to top. The yellow strip should run through centre. Sew on buttons and press fastener. Press seams.

Directions for 'Hazel'

JUMPER-CARDIGAN

Continued from page 21

RIGHT: Work to correspond with left front, reversing shapings.

Ribbing: Join shoulders, then with right side of work facing, pick up and knit 96 sts. evenly round neck edge. Work 1in. k 1, p 1 rib. Cast off in rib. Now cast on 10 sts. and work a strip of k 1, p 1 rib to go up left front, including bottom curve.

Make another piece the same for right front, but make 8 buttonholes, starting 5in. from one end, and arranging them at equal intervals.

To make a buttonhole: Rib 4, cast off 2, rib 4.

On Next Row: Rib 4, cast on 2, rib 4.

THE SLEEVES

Cast on 68 sts. and work 1in. k 1, p 1 rib, decreasing in last st. Change to pattern, increasing at each end of every 4th row until there are 87 sts. Work straight until side edge measures 5in.

Shape top by casting off 5 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows, then k 2 tog. at each end of every 4th row until 37 remain. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

In different colored wools, embroider big herringbone sts. along stripes, using four strands of wool in needle. Press pieces on wrong side under a damp cloth. Sew together side and sleeve seams; insert sleeves, gathering fullness to top of shoulder in small pleats. You can make small shoulder-pads by casting on 30 sts. and working 27 rows st.-st. Fold in half and stuff with cotton wool. Stitch to top of armhole seam.

Cover buttons with circles of double crochet, using different shades of wool, as for stripes and embroidery.

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Jersey, overalls, beret

This snug outfit ... for your darling daughter

● Right for the times and six is the perfect age for it. The bright young Miss can wear it with an air — and you can knit it for her with ease.

NO MATTER how sharp the weather, your bonny young six-year-old will not feel it if she wears this outfit. The jaunty beret tops off the suit perfectly. Original was knitted in a cherry red.

MATERIALS required: 14 skeins Sun-Glo Shrinkproof, Sunbeam Super, or Wilga 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2138 (red); 1 pr. No. 9 needles; 1 set of 4 No. 11 needles; 2 buttons.

Measurements:—Jersey: Length from top of shoulder, 15½ins.; chest, 26ins. Length of sleeve seam, 12ins. Overalls: Length of side seam, 27ins.; waist, 26ins. Beret: Around head, 20ins.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; sl., slip; p.s.s.o., pass slip stitch over.

Tension: 6 sts., 1in.; 8 rows, 1in.

JERSEY

BACK: Using No. 11 needles, cast on 84 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2, for 2½ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles and work in st.-st. until work measures 9½ins. Shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 10 rows, then every 2nd row until decreased to 28 sts. Cast off.

FRONT: Work the same as for back.

SLEEVES: Using No. 11 needles cast on 44 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 2½ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles, and work in st.-st., increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 64 sts. When sleeve seam measures 12ins. cast off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 16 sts. Cast off.

NECKBAND: Join seams. With right side of work towards you, using 4 No. 11 needles, pick up and k 92 sts. around neck. Work in rounds in rib of k 2, p 2, for 2½ins. Cast off loosely in ribbing.

TO MAKE UP: Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up side and sleeve seams.

THE BERET

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 90 sts. Work 10 rows st.-st. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Work as follows:—1st Row: * K 2, k twice into next st., repeat from * to end. (120 sts.). P 1 row. Work 20 rows st.-st. K 4 rows. Work 8 rows rib of k 1, p 1. Next Row: * Sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., repeat from * to end. (60 sts.). P 1 row, then shape the top as follows:—1st Row: * K 4, k 2 tog., repeat from * to end. 2nd and alternate rows: K. 3rd Row: * K 3, k 2 tog., repeat from * to end. 5th Row: * K 2, k 2 tog., repeat from * to end. 7th Row: * K 1, k 2 tog., repeat from * to end. 9th Row: * K 2 tog., repeat from * to end. K 1 row. Break off wool, thread end through darning needle, and draw through all sts. Sew up seam. Press with a warm iron and damp cloth.

OVERALLS

LEGS.—Using No. 9 needles cast on 100 sts. K 10 rows (working 1st row into back of sts.). Work 10 rows st.-st. 11th Row: K 49, k 2 tog., k 49. Continue in st.-st. and decrease 1 st. in the centre every 10th row until decreased to 90 sts. When work measures 15ins. leave on a spare needle. Work the other leg the same way.

Take the 1st 45 sts. of one leg and leave the remaining 45 sts. on a spare needle. Take the 2nd 45 sts. of the second leg and sl. the first 45 (purl side facing and commencing at the centre st.) on to the spare needle. Leave these sts. on spare needle for the back. Work the 90 sts. for front, working in st.-st. and decreasing 1 st. each end of every 12th row until decreased to 84 sts. When work measures 9ins. above the join work as follows:—1st Row: (K. 2, p 2) 7 times, k 28, (p 2, k 2) 7 times. 2nd Row: (P. 2, k 2) 7 times, p 28, (k 2, p 2) 7 times. Repeat the last 2 rows for 2½ins. Next Row: Cast off 24 sts., k 36, cast off 24 sts. Join wool at centre. 1st Row: K 6, p 24, k 6. 2nd Row: K. 3rd Row: Repeat 1st row.

Repeat 2nd and 3rd rows until work measures 3ins. above ribbing. K 10 rows. Next Row: K 7 (leave on spare needle), cast off 22 sts., k 7. Continue to work the last 7 sts. in garter-st. for 14ins., then make a buttonhole:—1st Row: K 2, cast off 3 sts., k 2. 2nd Row: K 2, cast on 3 sts., k 2. K 2 rows, then k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 3 sts. Sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o. Fasten off. Join wool and work the other strap the same way. Work the back the same as for front until work measures 9ins. above the join. Shape the back as follows:—Next Row: K to last 12 sts., turn, p to last 12 sts., turn. Next Row: K to last 24 sts., turn, p to last 24 sts., turn. Next Row: K to last 36 sts., turn, p to last 36 sts., turn. K to end of row. P 1 row. Work in rib of k 2, p 2, for 2½ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP.—Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams. Sew buttons on ribbing at back, and fasten straps.

Our cover design

Tailored jersey for all-day wear

THIS PICTURE does not show up the red stripes that add zip to this jersey. But look at it again on our cover. Snappy isn't it?

MATERIALS: 4oz. blue, 1oz. white, 1oz. red, Patons Super Scotch fingering wool, 3-ply; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 Beehive knitting needles; 4 buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 19½in.; width all round at underarm, 34in.; length of sleeve from underarm, 5½in.

Tension: 7½ sts. to 1in.

THE BACK

Using blue wool and No. 12 needles, cast on 102 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 4in. Change to No. 10 needles and, working in st.-st., inc. once at each end of next and every following 6th row until 128 sts. remain, working colors in as follows:—* 6 rows blue, 4 rows white, 6 rows blue, 2 rows red, 2 rows blue, 2 rows

Continued on page 29

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"Joe" grew up in a quiet sort of way, with a happy, united family, who, like thousands of others, lived in a neat semi-detached, with a back garden that Joe unwillingly weeded on Saturday afternoons. Joe's father talked very little and had never even told them how he had won the D.S.M. he wore when he marched with his pals on Anzac Day. When the children begged for the story he would simply say, "Just part of the job, kids."

When Joe grew older, he took the girl next door to the movies on Saturday night and played snooker once a week with the boys, but his ruling passion was for things mechanical. He had a bike which miraculously survived his experiments and carried him faithfully where he willed. Sometimes in the week-end he would pedal out into the country and camp on the edge of the river, where the willows wept in a curtain of green. In the summer, he would go to the beach to "shoot" the great curling breakers that carried him to the shore in a surge of foam. That was his life . . . and it was good.

Then Joe got a job in a garage and studied engineering four nights a week at the Tech. He was just eighteen when Japanese bombs took Pearl Harbour unawares and, when he joined the R.A.A.F. ground staff with his father's signature on his papers, his mother cried a little. If you had asked Joe why he enlisted, he couldn't have told you. He had not the words to express the thoughts in his heart and he would have thought it "sissy" to be sentimental about such things.

Air training was lots of fun. It was like being back at school again, with a gang of good blokes who played practical jokes and "scrounged" each other's ties. He learnt a great deal about the intricate machinery that makes aircraft such a potent weapon of attack and defence. He became a loving nursemaid to the powerful engines that sent planes zooming into the skies.

When he got through his course, Joe was posted to an airfield in the North . . . a hot, sun-scorched place, where the wind raised dust in choking clouds. There was precious little time for fun, but Joe was proud of the fact that the pilots slapped him on the back in comradely appreciation as their planes came back with engines functioning perfectly. That made him forget the discomforts.

* * * * *

The alert came at dawn. Pilots and ground crews ran for the planes. They must get off the ground! One by one they went, but the engine of the last plane stalled. The pilot was in the cockpit while Joe's deft fingers felt for the fault. Enemy fighters zoomed with deadly menace from the clouds. Men ran for cover just as the engine stirred. Joe jumped off the plane, the engine roared, and the plane quickened for the take-off. As Joe ran the Jap fighter flew low, with its guns spurting a hail of bullets. Suddenly he swerved and his feet wove a faltering pattern in the dust. He fell right on the edge of the field, where he had stood so often, with intent eyes watching for incoming planes and his last gesture was a thumbs-up to the pilot of his plane.

* * * * *

You would have preferred a happy ending to the story of Joe. But this is not an epic story of a hero who lived to wear his medals. Thousands of boys like Joe have given their lives so that you and your children may enjoy the freedom of the future. This is a time to face realities and stand up to the fact that, although the war situation is much brighter, we in Australia are still faced with peril in the Pacific. *You* can help swing the pendulum to victory by doing everything in your power, so that you and your children will live in a world where there is truly peace on earth and goodwill towards men.

The Makers of PROTEX soap dedicate this tribute in all pride and sincerity to the Fighting Men of all Services.

Protex is a safe antiseptic soap which guards against infection. Make every cake of Protex you use at home last as long as possible and send what you can in comforts parcels for the boys.

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PARRAMATTA Baby Health Centre, where Mrs. Morgan timely takes Fay Lorraine regularly. Sister D. Jackson is in charge of this centre.

READY FOR THE SCALES. Fay responds to Sister's voice and smile. Note little fingers showing progress of her sense of touch. She now turns her head in response to sound or moving object.

ON THE SCALES . . . Fay thinks this is a good spot for kicking exercise. Sister eventually attracts her attention with a gaily colored rattle ball, and the scales record a gain of 7½ ounces for the week. She can grasp a rattle ring with her hands.

SISTER JACKSON explains to Mrs. Morgan other important points in Fay's progress besides a good gain in weight. Fay also appears to be greatly interested.

AT HOME . . . Note how steady and erect Fay holds her head (when her mother supports her shoulders well).

AH, THIS IS GOOD . . . Fay smiles happily at her mother. . . . A little exercise before the evening meal—then to sleep. Babies need long hours of uninterrupted sleep.

Watch her grow!

SELECTED as a perfect specimen of babyhood by Sister Mary Jacob, our Mothercraft nurse, the progress and development of Fay Lorraine Morgan is being recorded from month to month in The Australian Women's Weekly as a help and inspiration to mothers.

At the clinic with our New Year baby

● One of the most important events in the life of Fay Lorraine Morgan is the weekly visit to Parramatta Baby Health Centre for a health and progress check-up.

"I NOTICE that she now holds her head erect and steady when held to the shoulder," says Sister Mary Jacob, our Mothercraft nurse, who, with our photographer, accompanied the mother and three-months-old babe to the Baby Health Centre.

"Her head is not so wobbly, and she also makes an effort to lift it off the pillow, and turns it to one side to watch a moving object.

"This is the first sign that a baby is exercising will-power, and this is an important stage in Fay's mental development.

"The sense of touch is being formed, and she is 'discovering' her hands, and delights in playing with her fingers.

"She expresses her pleasure by little babbling sounds, and responds with more frequent smiles to her mother's or other friendly overtures.

"Sister D. Jackson, who is in charge of the busy centre at Parramatta, also comments on the marked progress made by Fay in the past fortnight."

FAY LORRAINE MORGAN
HER RECORD

Born	Jan. 1, 1944
Birth weight	7lb. 3oz.
Weight at 12 weeks	12lb. 4½oz.
Gain for month	1lb. 5½oz.

Her brain is now developing rapidly. Sister Jackson advises Fay's mother, at this stage, to be on her guard against over-stimulation.

Affectionate relatives love to play with a bright baby, but over-excitement is not good for its well-being. It makes for nervousness and restlessness, which bring other health troubles in their train.

Fay is living a normal, happy little life, and brother Mervyn delights in taking his little sister for her early morning walk in the fresh air, and Mrs. Morgan says her husband (who is in the A.I.F.) wishes he could be home to share in the pleasure of watching his daughter's progress.

For COUGHS · COLDS & 'FLU
WOODS' Great PEPPERMINT CURE

a 'TIKI' Brooch
For LUCK. Colour Green. A National Emblem of NEW ZEALAND
A Souvenir Worth Having
Send 12/6 to Australasian Agencies, Box 4488 G.P.O., Sydney; or 184 Pitt St., Sydney.
Actual size, 2⅝in. high by 1⅜in. wide.

Elasto
Take it — and Stop Limping
Every sufferer should test this wonderful new biomedical remedy which brings quick relief from pain and weariness and creates within the system a new health force.
PRICE: 7/6 for one month's supply.
ELASTO, BOX 1552E, SYDNEY

DIAMOND JEWELLERY
Silver, Silver Plate Fine China and Glass
PURCHASED at Highest Cash Prices
HARDY BROS. LTD.
90 Castlereagh St., SYDNEY
350 Collins St., MELBOURNE
118 Queen Street, BRISBANE

Tomorrow is a Wonderful Day
Yes, to-morrow, when he returns and life really begins. The present anxious and worrying times will have gone and joy and happiness will be ours once more.
Escapade Lipstick is made under licence and from the formula of one of America's foremost cosmetic manufacturers. Made in two sizes.
Escapade
THE THOROUGHBRED OF LIPSTICKS

EVAN WILLIAMS SHAMPOO
Keeps the hair Young.

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How to wash and dry your wartime

RAYON HOSIERY

To get the best service from rayon hosiery requires a little more care than with other fabrics. Never wear the same stockings two days running. Dirt and perspiration acid will injure the fabric and constant wear will place an unfair strain on the stockings.

WASH IMMEDIATELY AFTER WEARING . .

1 Remove rings and bracelets to prevent snagging, and see that nails are smoothly manicured.

2 Use plenty of luke-warm suds. Dissolve soap completely in smooth basin. Squeeze suds gently through fabric.

3 Rinse thoroughly in clear, luke-warm water to remove all soap, otherwise it may injure the fabric.

4 Pat stockings in a soft towel to remove surplus moisture. Never wring them—it may cause ladders.

5 Hang over a towel in the shade away from anything which may snag them. Never use pegs.

6 Dry thoroughly for 48 hours. Not 24 or 36, but 48 hours. Don't wear until thoroughly dry.

WEAR STOCKINGS TURN ABOUT . . . . .

Stockings worn on Monday should be washed Monday night and dry by *Wednesday night*. Stockings worn Tuesday should be washed Tuesday night and be dry *Thursday night*. Stockings worn Wednesday should be washed Wednesday night and be dry *Friday night*—and so on.

Better care means longer wear

AUTHORISED BY THE COMMONWEALTH RATIONING COMMISSION AND SPONSORED BY THE AUSTRALIAN ASSOCIATION OF HOSIERY MANUFACTURERS IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE AUSTRALIAN COUNCIL OF RETAILERS AND THE AUSTRALIAN REPRESENTATIVE AND DISTRIBUTOR OF THE BRITISH RAYON MANUFACTURER.

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Meatless MENUS

By OLWEN FRANCIS
Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

● Satisfy the appetite on meatless days with hearty vegetable platters or with light savories followed by hearty sweets. All recipes on this page have been tested, tasted, and voted good.

A REMINDER: Include, when possible, increased quantities of eggs, cheese, milk and legume vegetables on meatless days.

These menus are created to tempt the finicky, satisfy the hungry, and of course, interest the cook.

No. 1
Fish Mornay Loaf
Green Salad
Fruit
Biscuits **Coffee**

No. 2
Mayonnaise of Snapper with Green Salad
Hot Vegetable Platter
(Jacket Potatoes, Fried Onions, Creamed Celery Tomatoes)
Steamed Pudding with Honey Sauce

No. 3
Tomato and Onion Soup
Mock Whitebait on Toast
Baked Stuffed Apples
Tomato Juice Cocktail
Boiled Vegetable Pudding with Browned Onion Sauce. Hot Greens
Stewed Fruit and Junket

FISH MORNAY LOAF

One small sandwich loaf, milk, 2 cups of cooked flaked fish, 1 cup chopped cucumber, 1 cup diced cooked potatoes, pinch mixed spice, pinch mixed herbs, 2 cups white sauce, 3 tablespoons grated cheese, pepper and salt, 1 tablespoon vinegar or lemon juice, lemon wedges, parsley.

Slice crusts off bread, reserving for further use. Scoop an oblong well in the centre, and brush the loaf inside and out with milk or melted dripping. Bake or grill until browned and hot.

Combine fish, cucumber, potato, spice, herbs, sauce, and cheese, and season to taste with pepper, salt and lemon juice.

Pile into bread case, sprinkle with crumbs mixed with grated cheese. Lightly brown in oven. Serve piping hot with lemon and parsley garnish.

POTATO OMELET

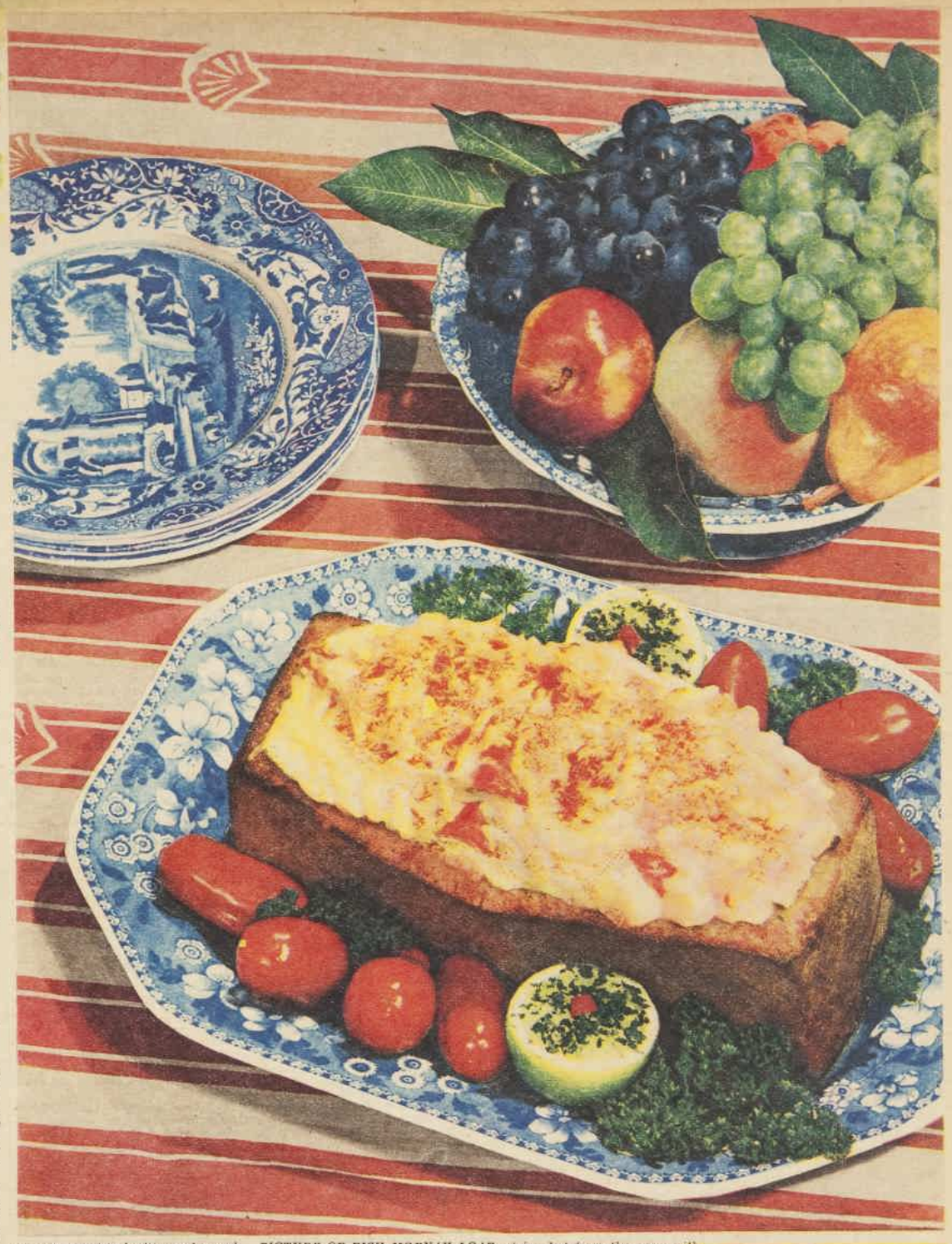
Two cups mashed potatoes, ¼ cup hot milk, 1 tablespoon melted dripping, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 3 eggs, pepper and salt.

Combine potatoes, milk, dripping, and parsley. Beat in egg-yolks and fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Season and turn into a warm greased omelet or frying-pan. Cook until golden brown on bottom. Brown top under grill. Fold in half. Serve immediately.

CREAMED FISH SOUFFLE

One cup flaked cooked fish, 1 cup thick white sauce, 2 eggs, squeeze of lemon juice, ¼ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper.

Combine fish, sauce, egg-yolks, and seasoning, mixing well. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into a greased mould, cover with greased paper, and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 25 minutes, or steam gently for 45 minutes. Serve at once, garnished with parsley and lemon.



PICTURE OF FISH MORNAY LOAF, piping hot from the oven, with a delicately flavored, satisfying creamy concoction in browned-bread case. Fruit and hot coffee are all one could ask to finish this menu.

VEGETABLE FRITTERS
(With Cocktail Sauce)

One cup flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon baking powder, 1 egg, ½ cup warm water, 1 tablespoon finely minced onion, ¼ cup grated carrot, ¼ cup grated parsnip, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pinch dried herbs, Worcestershire sauce, tomato sauce.

Sift flour, salt, and baking powder. Mix to a smooth batter with egg-yolk and water. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-white. Fold in vegetables, parsley, and pinch of dried herbs. Deep-fry until a golden brown, using an iron spoon to lower the batter into fuming fat.

Drain and serve hot and freshly made with a cocktail sauce of equal quantities of Worcestershire and tomato sauce.

MOCK WHITEBAIT

Two mullets, 1 tablespoon flour, pepper and salt, lemon juice, 3 tablespoons water, 1½ cups white sauce, 3 or 4 slices toast, chopped parsley.

Fillet the fish and cut into thin strips and toss in seasoned flour. Place in greased piedish, squeeze lemon juice over the fish, and add 3 tablespoons water. Cover with greased paper and cook in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) about 15 minutes. Make a thick white sauce, using liquid drained from cooked fish with the milk. Pile fish on to slices of hot toast. Top with hot white sauce, sprinkle with chopped parsley, and garnish with sliced lemon. For four.

VEGETABLE DINNERS

For meatless dinners, serve satisfying vegetable combinations with a piquant sauce or hot relish. Season carefully, and serve piping hot. These combinations are recommended:

Baked potatoes, onion fritters, spinach, minted carrot.

Creamed potatoes, diced yellow turnip, fried apple rings, green peas.

Grilled tomatoes, Brussels sprouts, pumpkin with cheese sauce, haricot or navy beans.

Cheese cauliflower, browned potato slices, fried tomatoes, onions cooked in milk.

Marrow with savory bread stuffing, minted potatoes, green beans, parsnips.

Hot sliced beetroot, scalloped potatoes, green beans, with crisp side salad.

MAYONNAISE OF SNAPPER

Two cups of cooked flaked snapper, 1 cup diced cooked potato, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon finely chopped shallot, 1 cup of mayonnaise, lettuce, beetroot, cucumber, quartered hard-boiled eggs.

Combine fish, potato, lemon juice, parsley and shallot. Pile into a nest of lettuce leaves, top with mayonnaise, and garnish with slices of beetroot, cucumber, and quartered hard-boiled eggs. For four.

TOMATO AND ONION SOUP

About 1½lb. tomatoes, 1lb. onions, 1 tablespoon dripping, few sprigs mint, few sprigs parsley, 1½ to 2 pints water, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon flour, crisp toast sippets.

Slice the onion and saute for a few minutes in the dripping. Add sliced tomatoes, parsley, mint, water, and salt. Simmer gently for about 40 minutes. Rub through a sieve. Thicken with the flour, which has been blended to a thin paste before adding. Correct seasoning to taste. Serve piping hot with toast sippets.

Continued on page 28

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THE RAPID HEALER

Rexona OINTMENT

1/6 A JAR

Rexona's SIX healing medicaments make it the perfect remedy for all skin troubles.

O.50.32

SAUSAGE SLICE. Line a round sandwich tin with sausage-meat rolled to right thickness on floured board. Pile in mashed, seasoned potato, top with sausage-meat, crimp edges together. Bake in brisk oven. Serve hot or cold.

These win cash prizes...

Savory dishes, jams and sweets

● Instead of eating bread and butter and jam, plus the inevitable cup of tea, for lunch, try the main prize health and beauty dish.

OTHER prize-winning recipes include lemon and carrot jam, savory pea scones, quince and apple marmalade, baked banana pudding, and two good savory dishes. They're a fine lot.

ONE WAY to keep carrots fresh and crisp. Wash, brush, or lightly scrape, and pile into jar as shown by Frances Gifford, MGM player, screw on cap, and put into ice-chest or refrigerator.

HEALTH LUNCHEON

Take a fairly thick slice of bread (brown or white), and butter it, then cover it thickly with cheese. Peel an apple and cut in rounds, and place on the slice of bread. Peel a banana, cut in three pieces, lengthwise, and then in halves, and place on top of the apple, then put a few more pieces of cheese on this, and lastly cut a rasher of bacon into three pieces, and put on top of the whole.

Place in a cold oven, and bake slowly until the fruit is soft and the cheese melted. The bread should be crisp at the bottom when finished. It is best to place it in a tin dish or plate.

This is a meal in itself, and was given to me by a doctor. Allow one piece of bread, etc., to each person. I find it delicious, and a change from ordinary things. Be sure you don't bake it too quickly, or it will dry up.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Baillie, Flat 5, 54a Darling Point Road, Darling Point, N.S.W.

QUINCE AND APPLE MARMALADE

Take half as many apples as quinces, wash well, and rub dry. Cut into halves and core. Slice very thinly without peeling, and weigh. Allow ¾lb. sugar to each pound of fruit. Put into a preserving pan, cover with water, and leave soaking for 2 days. Put on to boil in the water they were soaked in, and cook very gently till fruit is tender. Add sugar. Boil quickly for about 20 minutes, or until the syrup will jell when put on a cold saucer.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Korff, 14 Little King William St., Kent Town, S.A.

LEMON AND CARROT JAM

Grate 4 carrots, grate rind of 3 lemons, then add juice of lemons. Add 6 cups boiling water.

Let stand all night. Next day, boil until tender. Then add 4lb. sugar which has been heated, and boil until it jells.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. T. Watson, 56 Seymour St., Croydon Park, N.S.W.

BAKED BANANA PUDDING

Three bananas, ½lb. self-raising flour, ¼lb. butter (or substitute), rind of 1 orange, 3 bananas, ¼lb. castor sugar, 2 eggs.

Cream butter and sugar, add grated orange rind, and lightly beaten eggs. Sift flour, stir in lightly. Peel bananas, slice them thinly, add to mixture, turn into greased piedish, and bake in moderate oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. Price, Market St., Trentham, Vic.

MOCK CHICKEN CUTLETS

Half-pint thick white sauce, 1 cup cooked, diced meat, 1 dessertspoon each chopped onion and celery, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, egg, and breadcrumbs.

Mix together white sauce, chopped meat and vegetables. Shape into cutlets, coat with egg and breadcrumbs, and deep-fry a golden brown.

MOCK CHICKEN CUTLETS are inexpensive, easy to make. See recipe below.

SAVORY PEA SCONES

One pound green peas (cooked and drained), 1 cup plain flour, 1 tablespoon shortening, 2 teaspoons baking powder, salt and pepper, cooked sausage meat.

Mix flour, baking powder, salt, pepper, and flaked shortening. Add green peas (rubbed through a sieve), with milk if necessary, to make a scone dough. Roll out on well-floured board to one-inch thickness, cut into rounds, and bake 10 minutes in quick oven.

Split open at once while hot, and insert as much sausage meat as possible (or a piece of butter only if preferred), and return to oven to keep hot. Handle gently, as these scones rise well, and are unbelievably light.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. L. Paul, 30 Winifred St., Adelaide.

DELICIOUS WINTER DISH

Peel about 6 large potatoes, scoop out enough of centre to hold a sheep's kidney. Make a little stuffing of sage, onion, breadcrumbs, salt and pepper. Halve and stuff kidneys, then put a kidney into each potato, and dust the potato over with breadcrumbs and nutmeg. Put in a pan, add dripping, and bake about ¾ hour in a moderately hot oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Trenouth, 61 Ridley Grove, Woodville Gardens, S.A.

There is no prospect that we, in this bountiful land, will be called on to realise the full impact of food restrictions, such as were implied in the Nazi's slogan, "Guns before Butter." At the same time, the task of feeding the fighting forces and civilian populations of the United Nations, and particularly the people of Britain, is placing a tremendous strain on Allied food resources.

To produce all the food we can, to avoid waste, to observe loyally the small food sacrifices we are asked to make—these are contributions to victory which duty and honour demand of every Australian citizen.

FOOD IS A MIGHTY WEAPON OF WAR!

Issued by Commonwealth Food Control. F19.42

VIROL

THIS famous food helped before the war to build up the children who, as the men and women of to-day, are doing such fine work in every sphere.

Unfortunately supplies cannot be made available at present. It is hoped, however, that conditions will soon allow Virol to be sent for the children who will need its valuable properties to fit them for the tasks of to-morrow.

VIROL LIMITED
Food Specialists
LONDON · ENGLAND

Meatless menus

Continued from page 27

BOILED VEGETABLE PUDDING WITH BROWNED ONION SAUCE

Eight ounces flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 4oz. suet, 3 cups diced vegetables (as carrots, turnips, parsnips, potatoes, onions), 1 tablespoon parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, water.

Sift flour, salt, pepper. Shred and chop suet finely, combining with flour. Mix to a light dry dough with cold water. Roll two-thirds of this pastry and line pudding-basin. Fill with diced vegetables and parsley seasoned with pepper and salt. Cover with remaining pastry. Tie in pudding-cloth and plunge into boiling water. Cover and boil gently for 2 to 2½ hours. Serve with browned onion sauce, further flavored with tomato and sharpened with a little vinegar or Worcestershire sauce.

VEGETABLE UPSIDE-DOWN PIE

One and a half cups self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, pinch cayenne pepper, 1½ tablespoons good beef dripping or margarine, 1 egg, ½ cup milk.

For Filling: One large onion, 2 tomatoes, ½ cup grated carrot, ½ cup grated potato, ½ cup finely chopped celery, ½ cup cooked beans, 1 dessertspoon margarine or dripping, pepper and salt.

Thickly grease bottom of an 8in. sandwich-tin with the dessertspoon of margarine or dripping. Cover with onion sliced to wafer thinness. Season and cover with sliced tomato. Season and cover with remainder of combined vegetables. Make a soft dough by sifting flour, salt and pepper, rubbing in fat, and mixing with beaten egg and milk. Knead lightly, press to shape of tin and place over the vegetables. Cook in hot oven (425 deg. F.) for 25 to 30 minutes. Turn out, garnish with parsley, and serve piping hot.

VEGETABLE ROLL

One cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 cup cooked dried peas, ½ cup minced carrot, ½ cup minced parsnip, 1 minced onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 egg, pepper and salt, milk, browned crumbs.

Combine the breadcrumbs, vegetables, and seasonings, and bind with beaten egg, adding a little more liquid if necessary. Mould into a sausage and moisten and roll in browned crumbs. Wrap in greased paper and bake in a moderately hot oven for about 45 minutes, or mould into small croquettes and deep-fry. Serve with brown or cream sauce, or cold with salad greens.

—a pure grape product—as a dependable "raising" in baking powder or self-raising flour.

Since the war Cream of Tartar has been unprocurable but you can anticipate being able to enjoy its advantages again as a superior ingredient in your favourite brand of baking powder or self-raising flour.

CREAM of TARTAR
A Pure Product of Sunshine & Science

Rosella
PURE FOODS
of QUALITY
As near perfection as it is possible to attain!

CLEAN POTS AND PANS WITHOUT SCRATCHING WITH VIM
cleans without

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Tailored jersey for all-day wear

Continued from page 23

red. *, repeat from * to * throughout. Continue without shaping until work measures 12½in. from commencement, ending with a purl row. Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next two rows, dec. once at each end of next and every alternate row until 94 sts. remain. When work measures 18in. from commencement, cast off 9 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Leave remaining sts. on a spare needle.

THE FRONT

Work exactly as given for back until there are 104 sts. on the needle. Proceed as follows:—

Next Row: P 46, cast off 12 sts., p 46.

Work on these 46 sts. as follows: Dec. once at beg. of next and every alternate row until 41 sts. remain. Continue without shaping until front opening measures 5in. Cast off 8 sts. at neck edge, dec. once at same edge in next and every alternate row until 28 sts. remain. When armhole measures same as back armhole, shape for shoulder as follows:

Cast off 9 sts. at armhole edge in next and following alternate row. Work 1 row. Cast off remaining sts. Join in wool and work right front to correspond, working shapings at opposite end of needle.

THE SLEEVES

Using blue wool and No. 12 needles, cast on 78 sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 1½in. Change to No. 10 needles and work in stocking-stitch, inc. once at each end of next and every following 4th row and keeping continuity of stripes until there are 98 sts. on needle. Continue without shaping until work measures 5½in. from commencement. Cast off 4 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows, dec. once at beginning of every row until 38 sts. remain. Cast off. Work another sleeve in same manner.

BAND FOR LEFT FRONT

Using No. 12 needles and blue wool, cast on 15 sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 5in. Leave sts. on spare needle.

BAND FOR RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 12 needles and blue wool, cast on 3 sts. Work in rib, casting on 1 st. at beginning and end of every row until there are 17 sts. on needle. When work measures 1½in. make a buttonhole as follows: Rib 7 sts., cast off 3 sts., rib 7 sts.

Next Row: Rib 7 sts., cast on 3 sts., rib 7 sts. Continue in rib, making 2 more buttonholes, 1½in. between each. When work measures 8in. measured at straight edge, leave sts. on spare needle. Sew bands in position at front.

NECK BAND

Using blue wool and No. 12 needles, and with right side of work facing, work across 17 sts. of right front band, pick up 26 sts. evenly along right side of neck, rib across back sts. from spare needle, pick up 25 sts. along left side of neck, rib 15 sts. of left band (123 sts.). Continue in rib on these sts., making a buttonhole 1½in. from previous buttonhole as before. Work 3 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

With a damp cloth and warm iron press lightly. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves, matching stripes. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes.

Training the baby mind

By SISTER MARY JACOB

MOST young parents realise and accept their responsibilities in maintaining a good standard of physical health for their babes and toddlers.

However, the effect of mental health on physical well-being is often not sufficiently recognised, and the same responsibility is not felt in caring for the child's mind.

What is done in the patient and understanding training of the baby in the first two years of life will largely determine whether he or she will later fit happily into the social scheme of life, or be an unhappy and selfish misfit.

A leaflet dealing with this problem has been prepared by our Mothercraft Service Bureau, and will be forwarded if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"FAYE"

Graceful frock in flat crepe

This little frock is fashioned from a rayon flat crepe in lovely shades of dusty-pink, powder - blue, forest - green, royal-blue, navy-blue, also black.

It is attractively trimmed with self - frilling outlining the cleverly cut bodice; neckline is high, with split opening at throat. The shoulders are well extended, waist self-belted, and the skirt made interesting with gathered panels at each hip. The sleeve is bracelet length.

Ready To Wear: 32 and 34in. bust, 65/11 (13 coupons); 36 and 38in. bust, 72/6 (13 coupons). Plus 1/9½ postage.

Cut Out Only (ready to sew at home): 32 and 34in. bust, 47/6 (12 coupons); 36 and 38in. bust, 49/11 (12 coupons). Plus 1/9½ postage.

How to obtain "FAYE": In N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 3498BB, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. When ordering, please give length, hip, bust measurements.

Special Concession Pattern

Available for one month only from date of issue.

THREE JACKETS

Sizes 32 to 36in. bust.

No. 1.—Requires 2½yds., 36in. wide, and ¼yd. contrast.

No. 2.—Requires 2¾yds., 36in. wide, and 3yds. trimming.

No. 3.—Requires 2½yds., 36in. wide.

Fashion PATTERNS

F3462

F2368

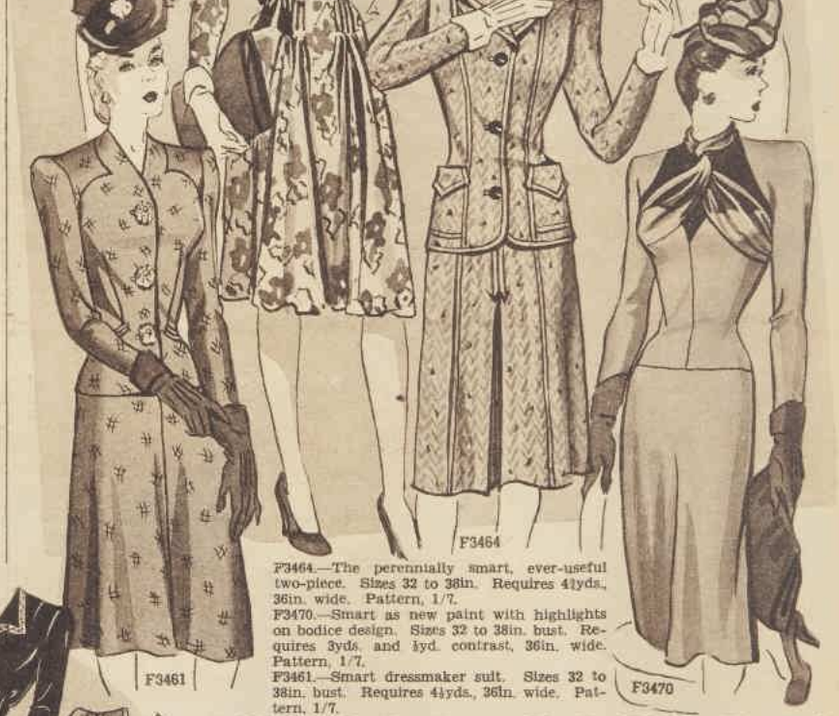
F3462.—Decorative two-piece for special occasions. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2368.—Soft draping gives a charming and youthful effect to this dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2370.—Trim little floral for wearing under winter coats or furs. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: ★ Write your name and address in block letters. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. ★ State size required. ★ For children state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on this page.

F2370



F3461

F3464

F3470

F3464.—The perennially smart, ever-useful two-piece. Sizes 32 to 38in. Requires 4½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3470.—Smart as new paint with highlights on bodice design. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. and ½yd. contrast, 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3461.—Smart dressmaker suit. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

BLOOMERS AND VEST FOR THE FULL FIGURE

Below is shown a matching set for the not-so-slim. Patterns of vest and bloomers are traced clearly on rayon crepe-de-chine in pink, blue, and white, ready to cut, sew, and embroider.

Vest shows the uplift brassiere top, and straight, long body. Bloomers are roomy with fitted waistband and side fastening, and legs taken into band. A dainty embroidery motif is stamped on each piece ready for working.

The Vest: 38 and 40in. bust, 10/6 (5 coupons); 42 and 44in. bust, 11/9 (5 coupons). 4½d. postage.

Bloomers: 42 and 44in. hips, 14/6 (5 coupons); 46 and 48in. hips, 16/6 (5 coupons). Plus 4½d postage.

Complete Set: Vest 38 and 40in. bust, bloomers 42 and 44in. hips, 24/3 (10 coupons). Plus 5½d. postage. Vest 42 and 44in. bust, bloomers 46 and 48in. hips, 28/- (10 coupons). Plus 5½d. postage.

When ordering, please ask for No. 466

465

CHILD'S NIGHTGOWN

This dainty ready-to-make (No. 465) comes to you with the pattern clearly traced on rayon crepe-de-chine (a medium weight cloth, but hard wearing), in pastel-pink, pastel-blue, and white.

The design shows a small Peter Pan collar edged with self-frilling, a long, full sleeve gathered into wristband, and a prettily shaped bodice.

Size 1 to 2 years, 12/11; 2 to 4 years, 13/11; 4 to 6 years, 14/11 (5 coupons for each size). Plus 5½d. postage.

When ordering, please ask for No. 465.

468

Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue; 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed.

Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 401G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 409P, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....

STREET .....

SUBURB .....

TOWN .....

STATE .....

SIZE ..... Pattern Coupon, 6/5/44

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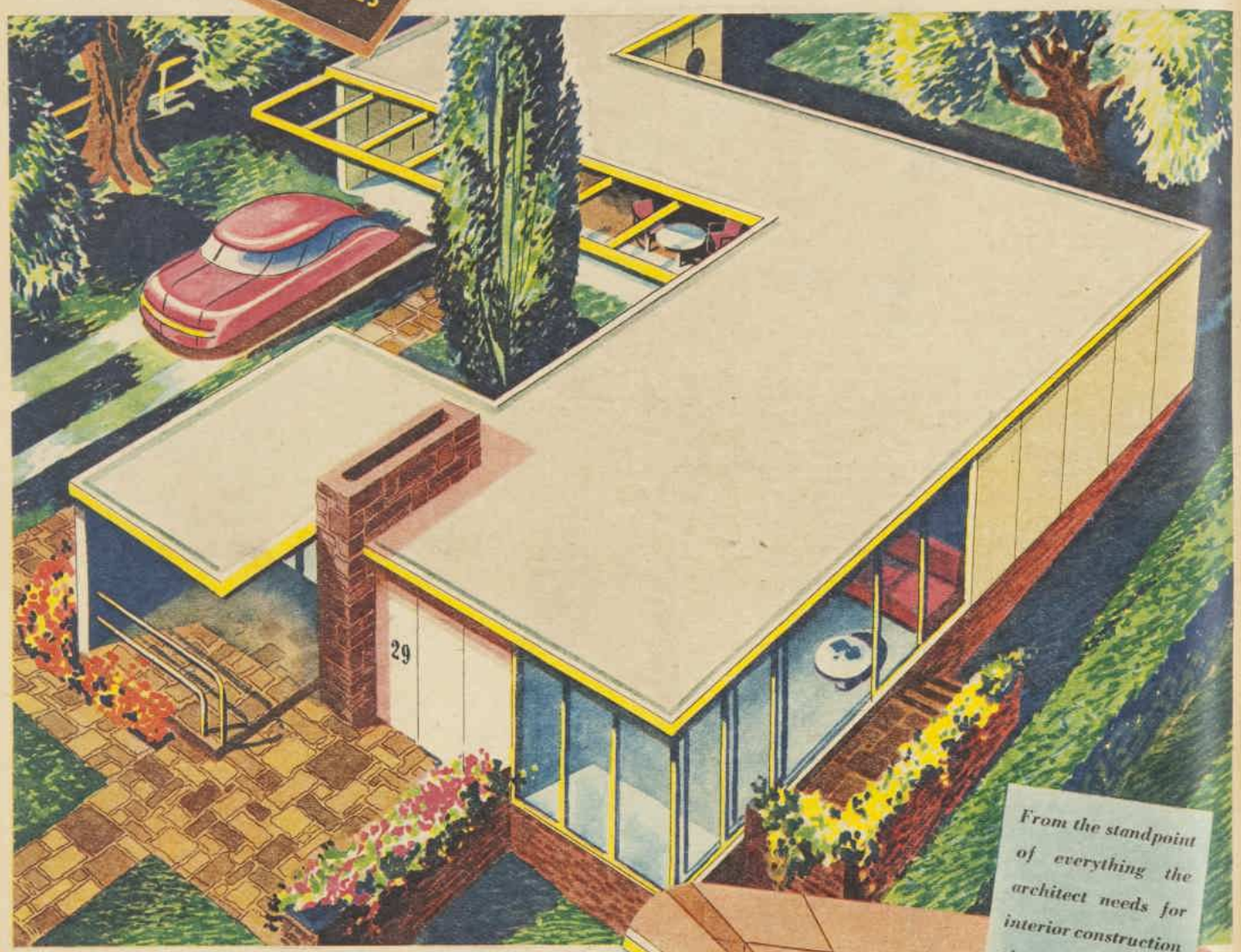

From the standpoint of everything the architect needs for interior construction there can be no substitute for Masonite.

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War has taught us skin care

AFTERMATH OF BATTLE . . . In the shallow, swift-running, and cascading streams that crisscross the steamy jungles of the North our soldiers wash away the grime of battle and rejuvenate weary bodies. Medico says that it is a common sight to see hundreds of men standing in the stream busily washing their clothes.

—Photos by courtesy Military History Section.

● Our troops in steaming jungles take simple precautions to avoid distressing skin disorders.

By MEDICO

"BOTH my sons are in the tropics, and they have asked me to send them something for their skin. They've both got sensitive skins, and I know there's a lot of that prickly-heat up there. What would you advise me to send them?" asked Mrs. Smythe.

This war in the Pacific has taught doctors many new things about the care of the skin, because skin troubles have been a big problem in the tropics.

We've always known that the skin secreted an oily substance, but we never realised before how important that was for the health of the skin.

We have found in the tropics that the continual perspiration makes the skin soggy, and it is largely the natural skin oil that keeps it from getting sore and macerated. Bathing (twice a day if possible) is refreshing, and removes the perspiration, but if much strong soap is used the natural oils may be washed away in the lather, and the skin left unprotected.

Two other important things we've learnt, too: The first is the need for really thorough drying with a clean, dry towel, followed by body powder; and, secondly, the frequent (twice daily if possible) change of clothes.

The troops have now learnt to use soap freely on their clothes and towels, but not so much on their bodies. It is a common sight to see hundreds of men standing in the shallow, swift-running streams, washing their bodies with water and their clothes with soap.

One's senses would be less offended by men who carry out this routine than they often are in a civilian crowd on the temperate mainland. We feel we are now much nearer the solution of both skin care and clothing odor.

I suggested to Mrs. Smythe that she send her boys a large supply of unscented talc powder. It should be packed in a wide-mouthed tin or small, waterproof, drawstring bag.

Four ounces a week would be used if they could get it. Men like to rub it over themselves by the handful.

Continuing . . . The Enemy Sea

from page 8

"OH, no," he said. "I've loved you for so long, and I've wasted so many of my childish dreams on you, that I think I'll go along for the ride. I want to get cured, and eleven days on this boat, with you and Denhim quarrelling, will cure me."

He sat down in the captain's chair, and opened a box of cigars. Carefully he selected one and lit it. "Do you mind?" he asked with a mock gallantry.

She made no answer, and they sat glumly, waiting.

Curious sounds began to assert an odd presence in the air. Bruce listened through the fragrance of the good cigar.

The ship shook. Sue raised her head. "We're moving," she said.

They both dashed outside, and the tanker was moving slowly out of its slip. The water gleamed, and the wind blew in from the Gulf across the breakwater. Bruce leaned over the rail. He felt himself suddenly projected into the vast life of the ocean, into the silence and spaces of the night.

And then Denhim appeared behind them. He stood there, almost impassive, waiting.

"Is the boat moving, with us on it?" Bruce asked. "Or am I experiencing an illusion? What did Washington say?"

Evenly, Denhim said, "You and Sue shouldn't be on this boat. But if you want it, you can have it."

Again he waited, and Bruce waited, too, for Sue to speak.

But she didn't, and it was Denhim who spoke first. An edge of sheepishness crept into his tones, a little warmth: "I wish you weren't aboard, Sue."

"But I am."

He took a step toward her and held her arm. "Yes, and now that you are, I'm glad you are."

Bruce watched them. He watched Denhim soften and begin to smile. He saw Sue drop her reserve. He heard her laugh. And finally Denhim said, "If you want a picture of me, I'll be glad to pose for you," and his voice lowered, "and with you."

Bruce looked at the looming night. He heard the motors. He felt them. And the long piers on one side, the sandy island on the other, slowly retreated. Now the odor of oil was gone, and only the sea was present.

A small tug hooted ahead.

"That's the Navy tug," Denhim said. He and Sue were still locked arm in arm, leaning together over the rail. "It'll lead us through the mine field."

Looking back, Bruce saw the brightness of Galveston, safe as the glow in the windows of houses; and, looking ahead, he saw the waste of the night and the sea. He felt aloof.

Denhim whispered and Sue laughed.

"I'm going down," Bruce said.

The others didn't say anything, and he went down the narrow iron stairway. He moved forward along the empty bow. There was a life raft resting forward, and in the moonlight he saw that the lifeboats were swung over the side, ready to be lowered. The wind blew in a steady wall of air, not harsh, but soft and southern, and he heard the cut of the bow parting the water.

Bruce stood at the very tip against a steel bulkhead. The tug pounded ahead, making a noise like a steam locomotive. And the tanker slowly followed.

"Evening," a voice said behind him.

He turned, and it was Stark in his white jacket.

"Good evening," Bruce replied, but his glance went up and beyond Stark's head to the superstructure. He couldn't see Sue and Denhim, but he knew they were there.

"I always come out and stand here," Stark said. "I always do when we leave port."

The breakwater began to recede.

"Ticklish business," Bruce said.

"The mines?" Stark asked.

"Yes," Bruce said.

Now there was only the night and the sea ahead and the guiding tug.

"I've got to go back and make some coffee for the watch that's coming on," Stark hesitated. "Would you like a cup, Mr. M'Cloud?"

"Sure," said Bruce.

He followed Stark back to the sailors' mess. At the stern he saw men standing and talking. The wind was blowing against their voices, and he couldn't hear what was said.

He glanced back to the centre superstructure, at the railed deck that girdled it. The moonlight shone down on a grotesque figure against the rail. It stood where Bruce had left Sue and Denhim.

He started and almost asked the steward what it might be, when suddenly the shape broke apart and a coat flared, and he knew it had been Denhim and Sue embracing. He felt a savage desire to shout at them, to hurt them, because the defeat he endured was so absolute. But he did nothing. There was nothing to be done . . . at this moment. He followed Stark within.

The sailors' mess was a narrow room. A long, rather broad wooden table with a pie-crust edge stood in the centre, flanked by two long benches.

"HAVE a seat," Stark said.

He prepared the coffee in an electric percolator. And there was a plate of cold meat sandwiches on the table.

Then with a smile the steward produced a portable radio. "We get everything," he said. He turned the dial, which clicked on with the sound of a dance band. The music played against the sound of the ship, against the open night which blew in through the open door.

Inside a closed space, Bruce could smell the oil again.

Suddenly the tug bayed, and through the open door he could see it slide past. There was a man on deck, and he waved to someone aboard ship. And then the tug was gone.

"I'll have to close the door now," Stark said. "From now on, we show no lights." He swung the steel door shut and made sure the two portholes were closed. They were painted black, like the ones in Bruce's cabin.

He listened to the music, which finally stopped.

The radio announcer said it was half-past twelve, and then the news came on. The announcer said: "This afternoon a medium-size tanker was sunk off the coast of Florida. Thirteen men reached port safely. Twenty are unreported and believed to be lost."

"Two a day," Stark said. "Them subs get two a day."

Hardly listening, thinking vague and dreamy thoughts about the war and Sue, Bruce hardly realised at first what the announcer next said. But he heard it, and it struck his mind like a gong.

"About an hour ago," the polished voice went on, "an S O S was picked up at our listening post from the tanker Ladybird. But the Coast Guard announces that no such ship is registered. The signal was heard strongly." And then the news continued, with reports from the nation's capital.

To be continued

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Specially written by Professor W. A. OSBORNE, M.B., D.Sc., F.A.C.S.

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